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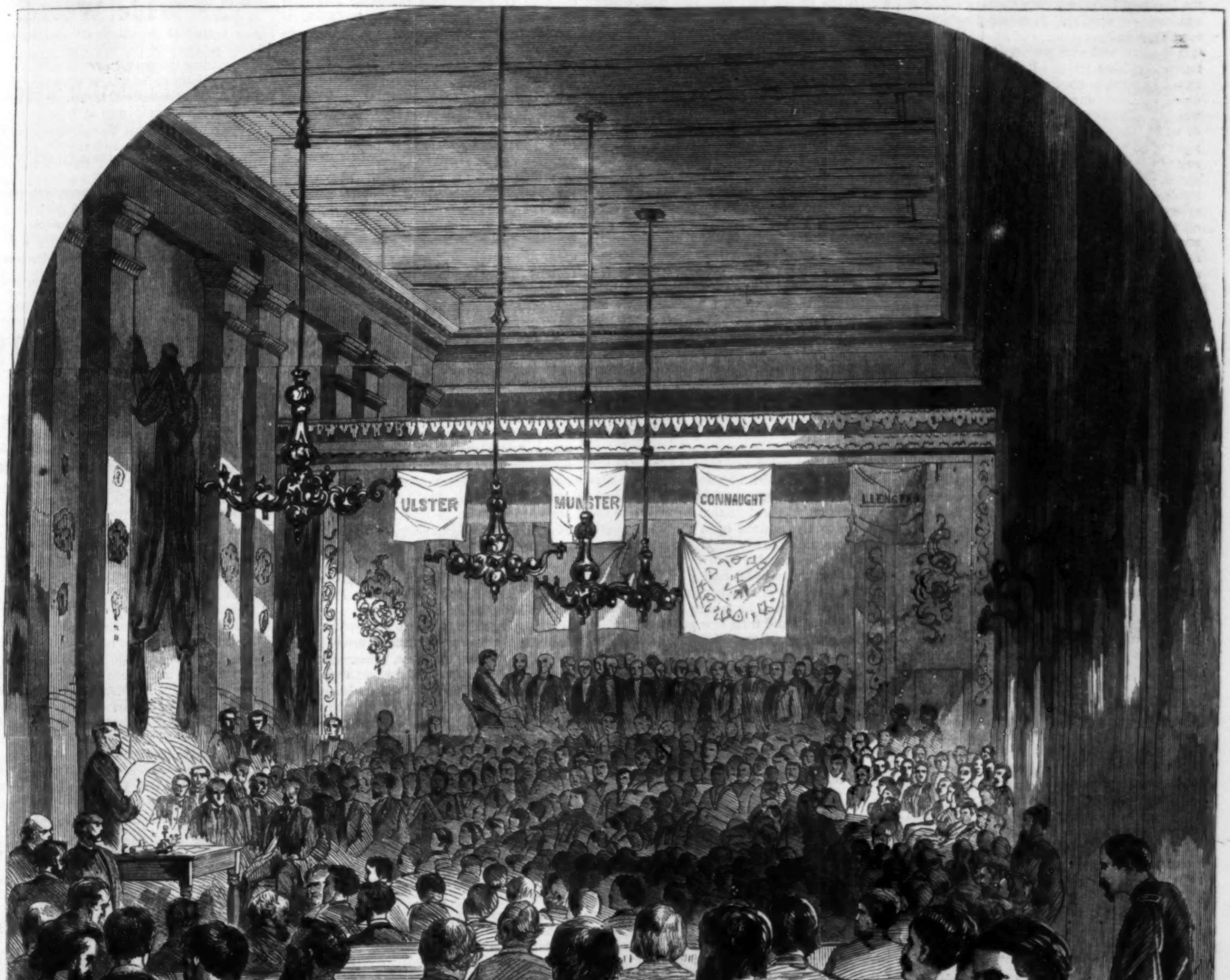


MEETING OF THE FENIAN CONGRESS IN THE ASSEMBLY BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA.—[See Page 694.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1865.

REORGANIZATION.

THE *Daily Transcript*, of Augusta, Georgia, in commenting upon some recent remarks of ours, and with more bitterness than the occasion seems to justify, says that we seriously insist "upon the acceptance of the trite and exploded maxim, borrowed from LOCKE, that all men—white, red, and black—are born free and equal, when any body who knows any thing of the family relation never saw a child born into a state of freedom or found equality even among the little circle who acknowledge the same parentage."

The *Transcript* is mistaken in supposing that the doctrine of the natural rights of man is borrowed from LOCKE, or is exploded, or is any the less true because RUFUS CHOATE called it a glittering generality. JEFFERSON in the Declaration of Independence, and all the fathers of this country, said with perfect accuracy, that it is a self-evident truth. But the equality asserted by them is not an equality of condition or of capacity, any more than of height or weight. The fathers defined the natural rights of which they spoke. They were the equal right of every man to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. They declared the very object of government to be the protection of these rights, and that experience had proved the best system for that purpose was a government of all the people, not of a class, nor of a family, nor of a race. This was what they meant by saying that governments justly exist by the consent of the governed; for experience also proves that the rule of one man, or of one family, or of one class, or of one race, is, in the long-run, unjust and oppressive. If the *Transcript* denies it, it must settle its account with history and human nature. Government exists for man. The destruction of natural rights inevitably plunges society into war. The practical question, therefore, always is, how shall those rights be best secured.

The *Transcript* speaks of "Government making laws for its citizens," as if governments were elemental forces. But they are not. They are human devices. The *Transcript* may think that a monarchy or an oligarchy is the best device. We do not. We believe that to be the best which springs from the consent of the governed; and we hold that every political community being morally bound to defend all the natural rights of its individual members should impose no qualification for an equal voice in the government which excludes any great number of them or which may not be readily attained by all. Hence nothing was more unsounder or more un-American than Mr. DOUGLAS's doctrine of Squatter Sovereignty, which was nothing but an assertion of the right of a numerical majority to deprive a minority of their natural rights. He confounded might with right. But as good morals and good policy are at last identical, the government which most fully secures the natural rights of every citizen will be the most permanent, the most peaceful, and the most prosperous.

The *Transcript* further says: "It is ineffably mean to urge on a war *for the sake of the Union*, as HARPER's man has done; and then when the defeated States are returning, in the observance of all the conditions required by the Executive, *to attempt to keep them out of the Union* by jeers and innuendoes and affectations of panic terror." The *Transcript* is again mistaken. We have no more desire to keep any State out of the Union than the President has. We wish merely to take care that the Union shall be as surely, as it is likely to be swiftly, restored. It is a real Union at which we aim, not imperiled by distracting elements. In the sentence next to that we have quoted the *Transcript* speaks of the Union as "the ancient League." In a late letter to the editor of *Harper's Magazine* General BEAUREGARD speaks of the measures of the late rebel leaders as "our national affairs," and of JEFFERSON DAVIS as "our chief magistrate." We do not think that persons who hold such views of the late rebellion and of the character of the United States Government are safe depositaries of the honor of that Government. Men who hold the Union to be "a League," and the late conspiracy a "national" government, will not be likely to vote taxes to pay for the expense of compelling them to remain in the League or for the cost of overthrowing that "nation." We neither jeer nor taunt when we say that we do not believe the Union would be secure if such were the views of Congress. Will the *Transcript* tell us why the votes of men should be trusted as sincerely favorable to the Union, whose arms, yesterday raised to destroy it, were not laid down, but were overpowered by superior force, while the men themselves profess the same opinions as those which led them to raise their arms?

Our view is that the United States Government is morally bound to require every thing of its lately rebellious citizens which it deems essential to the security of the Union, which it has maintained by so long and terrible a struggle. Certainly those who saved that Government are equally bound not to insult their baffled fellow-citizens. But they are also not less bound to treat with contempt the charge that they are hostile to reunion, because they are averse to haste, and advise the utmost care, and prudence, and sagacity in the work of reorganization.

THE PRESIDENT SPEAKS.

IN the report of a conversation between the President and Mr. STEARNS, which the President has approved, he expresses himself so that no man can mistake his meaning.

He is glad that the Democratic party professes to agree with his views, and remarks that it is not the first time that he has known a man who had differed from another claim the opinions of his antagonist as his own when he came up to them.

He holds, and in this every loyal and sensible citizen agrees with him, that it is better the work of reorganization should be done by the action of the States themselves; "for," he says, "if they go wrong, the power is in our hands, and we can check them at any stage to the end."

He declares himself equally opposed to State sovereignty and to consolidation.

He holds that no State is out of the Union, and that it is wiser to leave the question of voting to each one, subject to national control if they go wrong.

If he were in Tennessee he would as a citizen of the State favor negro suffrage upon certain conditions. But universal suffrage in the late rebel States he thinks would produce grave difficulties.

And he declares that for many years he has favored the policy of apportioning representatives to qualified voters; which is the substance of General SCHENK's proposed amendment to the Constitution. The President is of opinion that this result might be achieved by 1872. This, of course, would offer the most stringent argument to the reorganizing States to establish impartial suffrage.

The record of this remarkable conversation will be read with the utmost pleasure and satisfaction by those who voted for ANDREW JOHNSON, who have never doubted his fidelity to the principles upon which he was elected, and who have, consequently, never faltered in their support of him. It is clear that he wishes to see the Union reorganized upon the fundamental American principle of equal rights, and that no man shall be excluded from a voice in the government by reason of his color; but as he knows such a principle is unpalatable to the whites of the rebel States, he wishes to "give them time to understand their new position."

The great question before us, as Mr. LINCOLN said, is, How shall the States be restored to their practical relations in the Union? The President's action is to be judged by its results; and we see no reason to doubt that he and Congress will wisely, harmoniously, and successfully accomplish the work.

MR. ROBINSON'S LETTER.

MR. LUCIUS ROBINSON has written a letter accepting the Albany nomination, and giving his reasons. He declares that he shall not surrender the principles upon which he parted with the Democrats in 1856, and mentions first among them, "equal and exact justice to all men," proceeding then to specify others which are not peculiar to the Democrats, but are heartily supported by all good citizens.

Does Mr. ROBINSON suppose that the party which denounced the emancipation proclamation, which opposed the constitutional amendment, which at this moment seeks an alliance with the late slaveholders, which sneers at every honorable effort to make freedom a reality to the emancipated slaves, which is still controlled—as he will hardly deny—by the same spirit which compelled him to forsake it, and which is sustained by the sympathy of every Copperhead and enemy of equal rights in the country, is more likely to secure equal and exact justice for all men, than the party which supported President LINCOLN's policy, justified the proclamation, carried the amendment, reelected Mr. LINCOLN with Mr. JOHNSON, and by its traditions and the necessity of its composition is pledged to the maintenance of equal rights? How can Mr. ROBINSON believe that the Democratic party of 1856, now professing in this State to accept the great fact of emancipation, is as true to the original Democratic doctrine of equal and exact justice as the Republicans of 1856, whose faith in that principle is written all over the history of the last two administrations?

Mr. ROBINSON commends the Albany Platform as indicating a return to sound principles. Does it seriously differ from that at Syracuse; and where it does differ is it not in this, that the Syracuse Platform announces those principles more emphatically, and is the declaration of a party which has never betrayed them?

But, says Mr. ROBINSON, I have no faith in a party "controlled and used by THURLOW WEED." But has he any more faith in a party controlled and used by VALLANDIGHAM in Ohio, by WOODWARD and REED in Pennsylvania, by THOMAS SEYMOUR and TOUCEY in Connecticut, and by HORATIO SEYMOUR and JOHN A. GREEN in New York? There are bad men, he says, in all parties. Does he think there are fewer corrupt leaders in the Democratic than in the Union party?

Besides, Mr. ROBINSON was willing to work with Mr. WEED in 1856 to secure equal justice. Will working with FERNANDO WOOD and JOHN VAN BUREN be a shorter road to the same result? He speaks of the government of the State as being placed in the hands of Mr. WEED. Yet Mr. ROBINSON must surely be aware that whatever may be Mr. WEED's "lobby operations," and however adroit a politician he may be, the great body of Union men in the State of New York act with him because he supports their general policy. But he does not determine that policy. And even if he did, if this election thus became, what it is not, a mere question of men, would the great principles which are no less dear to us than to Mr. ROBINSON be more secure in the hands of HORATIO SEYMOUR or the Albany leaders, with the Copperheads behind them, than in those of THURLOW WEED and the Syracuse leaders, with the great Union party of the last four years behind them?

At this juncture to renounce the political friends with whose most vital purpose he sympathizes, and to strive to throw the settlement of the Union into the power of those who a year ago declared the war a failure, and who now throw the blame of the war upon loyal men, and to do this because of distrust of one man among those friends, is a step which would seem to us deplorable in any man, but is profoundly painful in a man like LUCIUS ROBINSON.

SPECULATION IN GOVERNMENTS.

IN an article published in these columns three weeks since, on the subject of speculation in Wall Street, it was explained that at the present time "stocks" mean "railway stocks," and "stock speculation" means buying or selling Erie or Rock Island. With the exception of the operations of foreign bankers based on variations of price between this and foreign markets, there has been thus far no speculation worth mentioning in Government securities. It is evident, however, that before many months elapse the latter will supersede railway stocks as instruments of gambling, and as in England stock speculation means operating in the Funds and in France in the *Rentes*, so here within a corresponding brief period Wall Street speculators will confine their dealings to Five-Twenty bonds and Seven-Thirty notes. Sound dividend paying railway shares are rapidly passing into the hands of permanent investors; and as for the other class of shares, whose value is uncertain, the experience of the past two or three years has proved that they can not be sold short with any degree of safety, as they may be cornered by any one of half a dozen great operators. They answered the purpose well enough when an operator who bought 5000 shares was considered monstrously bold, but now that single individuals buy or sell 50,000 shares they are dangerous material to speculate in.

No such danger besets the speculator in Five-Twenty bonds or Seven-Thirty notes. There are over $600,000,000 of the former, and over $800,000,000 of the latter: there is not money enough in Wall Street to corner either of them. And though they will not fluctuate, as the railway shares have done, with the ebb and flow of internal trade, they will naturally be sensitive to changes in the money market, and will probably feel the effect of political events in a new and marked degree. What proportion of the Five-Twenty bonds have found a permanent home either in Europe or here can not accurately be determined. It is safe to assume, however, that quite a large amount are still in first hands, and are hypothecated with banks and money-lenders. Of the Seven-Thirties by far the greater part are held by national banks and private bankers, who have loaned money on them. All of these securities will be forced into the market by a continued stringency in money, and the price will naturally fall until it reaches a point at which capitalists will sell their present investments to buy them. At 75, for instance, the political prospect being fair, many people would sell their bank stocks and railway bonds—unless they, too, should have declined in proportion—to buy Seven-Thirty notes and Five-Twenty bonds; but if Mr. M'CULLOCH persists in attempting to contract the currency, it is hardly likely that the national banks could dispose of the notes they have on hand without putting down the price to that neighborhood.

It seems, of course, a rather alarming prospect, in view of the fact that quite a large proportion of the National bank notes which are current as money are only secured by deposits of Five-Twenty and other United States bonds at 90 cents on the dollar. But after all, Five-Twenty bonds are now selling at about 70 cents on the dollar in gold; and no one, it is to be hoped, expects gold to remain forever at a premium of 46. As gold declines it must be expected that they, like every thing else, will decline likewise, though probably not to a like extent. The prospect is so clear that the event should take no one by surprise.

In England and France public stocks fluctuate with every breath of political news—the resignation of a ministry, a foreign complication, a rumored conspiracy, and even the bowel complaint of a Prime Minister. It is hardly likely that our public securities will prove equally sensitive to such influences, for the reason that our Government rests upon a more solid basis than the European monarchies, and that here revolutions are not to be dreaded. Still our Government securities will naturally be affected by changes in our foreign relations. Misunderstandings with foreign governments, which may possibly lead to war, will naturally depress them, and the settlement of such difficulties will in like manner cause them to react.

It must be expected, too, that for some years to come difficulties will occur in the collection of taxes, and the robbery of the public creditor will be mooted even in Congress. Thus far no person whose words are worth attention has even hinted at repudiation. But by-and-by, as the pressure of the taxes becomes more severe, during the period preceding the resumption of specie payments, it may be taken for granted that knaves will try to curry favor with tax-payers by advocating at least a reduction of the rate of interest on our securities. It is pretty certain that no such rascally scheme will succeed, but pending its discussion fluctuations in the price of the securities concerned will be inevitable. Government bonds will fall when the Democratic member from the city of New York denounces the holder of Seven-Thirty notes as a Shylock; and they will rise again when the Union Secretary of the Treasury demonstrates the necessity of keeping faith with the public creditor.

Pending the war the New York Stock Exchange—one of the most honorable and loyal bodies in the country—would not tolerate short sales of Government bonds. Nothing which looked like an attempt to depreciate the public credit could be endured by its members. But now that the war is over national securities must stand or fall on their own merits, and people who believe they are going to decline will be able to sell them for the fall without exposing themselves to the charge of disloyalty. The most inveterate Englishmen occasionally sell consols for the account, just as the best Frenchmen sell Rentes for the *fin prochain*; nobody thinks of accusing the sellers of a want of patriotism. They merely "act," as our friend Mr. RUSSELL said, "as if they had heard bad news."

In the long-run there are very few investments in this country which will pay as handsome and as safe an income as United States securities. They are incomparably superior to the mass of mercantile and industrial stocks in which men have been accustomed to invest their money. But before the $3,000,000,000 now afloat, or to be floated presently, find a permanent resting-place in the pocket-book or trunk of men who have paid for them outright, and hold them regardless of money panics and fluctuations in Wall Street, it is on the cards that they must rise and fall very materially many, many times, and that great fortunes will be made and lost in them by speculators.

MR. PHILLIPS'S ORATION.

MEASURED by the great model of Christian character the best of men are sinners. The preacher who describes the divine attributes justly calls all men unclean. But there are still some humble pious souls who struggle on, doing all the good they can, and who are perhaps less deserving of unsparing censure than JUDAS ISCARIOT. So compared with the ideal America the actual is sadly imperfect. Measured by the advances we hope and mean to make our present condition is not the millennium. But meanwhile there is a great body of citizens steadily and faithfully striving to secure fair play for every man as fast as practicable, and who may be charitably pardoned if they feel that some progress has been made.

Yet as we gladly hear the preacher who sends us all to ——, because we know that the good race will be run and won only by those who are spurred up to it, and by constantly holding before our eyes the Christian ideal, so we willingly and gratefully listen to the orator who, as he declares what ought to be done, sneers at those who are busily doing it, as contemptible drones and do-nothings. "Let justice be done," says the orator. Very well, the Union men of the country are securing justice more and more every day. "Securing justice!" retorts the orator, "they are assassinating it. Their President is three-fourths rebel, and there is no such thing as a Union party. There is only a ghastly spectre of that name. Liberty is betrayed."

It is no more true than that the house is burning down because some one sees a thief in the road and cries fire from the window. The cry is meant to rouse the neighborhood and frighten the thief away. And these declarations are but a highly metaphorical way of say-

ing that we must not tire of well-doing, but secure all that the genius of American institutions promises.

It is in this way, after some wincing, that we accepted Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS'S assaults upon President LINCOLN, and that we receive his censure of President JOHNSON. Mr. PHILLIPS spurns every consideration of policy and means. He cries aloud, "Make the path straight!" whether we are making it straight or not, and whether or not we have any tools to use or hands to use them with. His position is that nothing is done while any thing remains to do.

The good service of such a man is unquestionable. We do not agree indeed with his estimate of men and affairs. It seems to us folly to insist that liberty and mankind have gained nothing by the war. But it is not disagreeable to hear an earnest voice declaring that every thing is lost because every thing is not at once gained, for we know that such a voice will keep the victors from sleeping. In this country our law is progress. The rule of progress should be prudence and wisdom. We thank Heaven for the skirmishers, whose shots show us where the battle is to be.

OUR ACCOUNT WITH ENGLAND.

IT now appears that Mr. ADAMS did present our little bill to John Bull last April, and that Mr. Bull declined to pay or to leave the matter to arbitration, but suggested a "Commission" to settle the question. What the exact difference may be between an arbitration by commissioners and a commission of arbitration we do not know, but Mr. ADAMS replied that he doubted if the proposition would be agreeable to his Government.

The British Government gave the rebels belligerent rights before it had heard of the blockade; the British Prime Minister, the British Foreign Minister, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the British Solicitor-General, all virtually sneered at the effort of the United States Government to maintain its existence; and one of them publicly declared the rebellion to be successful in the famous phrase that JEFFERSON DAVIS had "created a nation." Rebel ships of war were openly built in British dock-yards by members of the British Parliament, and, notwithstanding timely and ample information furnished by the United States Minister, the British Government did not prevent their sailing. British neutrality in the war was not an honest neutrality. Great Britain now refuses to have that question entertained; and the Government which, in the midst of the war, undertook to lecture us upon American internal law, now announces that Great Britain is the best judge of British internal law.

The general position taken by Lord RUSSELL can not be maintained. We have always regarded, and do still regard, serious difficulty between the two countries, if rising into war, as a misfortune for mankind. But surely no sensible Englishman supposes that, with the record of such real grievances in its hand, the Government of the United States will consent to be shown to the door and kicked down the steps without a word of explanation. If the Commission be substantially an arbitration all may be well. But if Great Britain will neither pay, nor submit to arbitration, nor explain, we certainly can not be held responsible for the consequences, however disagreeable they may be.

A DIFFERENCE.

MR. MONTGOMERY BLAIR, the chief orator of the Democratic ratification meeting in New York, says that the two races in this country can not live together, and that the emancipated slaves must be sent away to colonize upon the border.

President JOHNSON says: "If I were in Tennessee I should try to introduce negro suffrage gradually; first those who had served in the army, those who could read and write, and perhaps a property qualification for others, say $200 or 250."

The President is in favor of not depopulating the country, but of making every honest man a voter as fast as possible. So is Mr. JOHN H. REAGAN, the late rebel Postmaster-General. And we believe all true men are of their opinion.

THE OATH.

IN July, 1863, Congress passed a law requiring the following oath of every person elected or appointed to any office of honor or emolument civil, military, or naval, or any other department of the national service, except the President of the United States. The members of the new Congress, therefore, must take this oath:

"I solemnly swear that I have never voluntarily borne arms against the United States since I have been a citizen thereof; that I have voluntarily given no aid, countenance, counsel, or encouragement to persons engaged in armed hostility thereto; that I have neither sought nor accepted, nor attempted to exercise the functions of any office whatever under any authority or pretended authority in hostility to the United States; that I have not yielded a voluntary support to any pretended government, authority, power, or constitution within the United States hostile or inimical thereto; and I do further swear that to the best of my knowledge and ability I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States," etc.

If Congress should be asked to relax the stringency of the oath, it would inevitably and properly say, that whenever it was convinced that the danger has passed away against which the oath is directed, it would cheerfully do so, but that while the danger is still threatening, it must still maintain every defense against it.

This whole matter of reorganization may be settled by the people of the States most vitally interested. What the country wants of those who made war upon the Government is not oaths. All the rebel chiefs, from DAVIS and LEE down, had taken oaths enough and broken them. What it wants is an indication of honest intention and fidelity to the Government. It does not want men in Congress who will try to do there what they failed to do on the battle-field. Such a desire is not unreasonable. It springs from no hostility to the rebel States but from love of the Union, and the resolution not to imperil it needlessly.

"DISTINGUISHED STATESMANSHIP."

THE rich fields of the Southern States are waiting for laborers. The laborers are there, born upon the soil, and attached to it, capable of work and accustomed to the care of the staples, needing only, as the President says, an impartial system; asking only the same security of wages, property, and personal rights that all other people in the country have. Thereupon that "distinguished statesman" Mr. MONTGOMERY BLAIR, whom Mr. LINCOLN asked to accommodate him and the country by leaving his Cabinet, proposes that they shall all be sent away and colonized upon the border, as a buffer against some foreign enemy.

The "statesmanship" of Mr. BLAIR is like the agricultural wisdom of the farmers who throw the enriching matter of their farms into the river. The statesmanship of forcibly exiling a seventh part of the population, and that composed not of the drones but of the producers of wealth, is worthy of a man who endeavors at this time to excite sectional animosity.

Mr. BLAIR is in great fear of amalgamation. But if there be so insuperable an antipathy of races why should he fear? Whether the antipathy is so hopelessly insuperable may be judged from the fact that three-fourths of the lately emancipated population are composed of mulattoes, quadroons, sexteroons, octoroons, and still lighter mixtures. They are, as a shrewd observer says, Anglo-Africans. While the "distinguished statesman" was in the very heat of his argument that the races could not live together it was a cruel question that one of the crowd asked: "What did JEFFERSON'S mulatto son say about that?"

Statesmen should try to clear their minds of cant, MR. BLAIR, and then they will be much more "distinguished."

CONFIDENCE MEN.

THE gentlemen who last year at Chicago denounced the war as a failure are the same who this year at Albany hail it as a success. At Albany this year, also, they loudly declare that no kind of interference shall be allowed in the Republic of Mexico. But these are the same men, the Democratic leaders in the State of New York, who three years ago waited upon the British Minister, in the city of New York, to see whether England would not interfere in the Republic of the United States.

The voters of New York will look twice at the credentials of well-known Confidence Men before trusting them.

THE PRESIDENT'S "FRIENDS."

MR. JOHN VAN BUREN, the merry gentleman who leaped from the Buffalo anti-Slavery platform of 1848 to the Chicago surrender to Slavery platform of 1864; who in the autumn of 1862 demanded that "the erring sisters" should be allowed to go; and in the spring of 1863 insisted that they should be compelled to stay; and in the summer of 1864 declared that it was impossible to keep them, is the same lively joker who in the autumn of 1864 announced that ANDREW JOHNSON was a bold usurper who violated the Constitution, and in the autumn of 1865 informs a smiling public that he looks upon Mr. JOHNSON as patriotic, wise, and prudent.

The *World*, also, the chief organ of the Chicago "Conservatism" of last year, now takes the President under its special patronage. The Chicago gentlemen, it informs him, are the only friends he can safely trust. What said this faithful friend of the President eight months ago on the 7th of March, 1865? Only this:

"God bless and spare ABRAHAM LINCOLN! Should this ANDREW JOHNSON become his successor, the decline and fall of the American Republic would smell as rank in history as that of the Roman empire under such atrocious monsters in human shape as NERO and CALIGULA."

Of course the President will desert his old friends of the war for these honest and fair-spoken gentlemen, especially after the result of the elections in all the States that have voted. The new performance of the old Chicago company, we trust, serves to amuse the Chief Magistrate and lighten the cares of office. Kings formerly had their jesters. Why should not the President have his merry men?

LEFT-HAND WRITING.

WE recently saw a multitude of specimens of left-hand writing from Union soldiers who have been disabled in the war, and who have been invited by Mr. WILLIAM O. BOURNE, editor of the *Soldier's Friend*, to compete for liberal prizes.

The writing is generally what is called "back-handed;" but the neatness of the manuscripts and their legibility, with the good sense and interest of the narrations and observations, are delightful and unexpected. It is really astonishing to see how rapidly a man may learn to write admirably with his left hand. The specimens come from every part of the country, and all indicate a deep interest in the thoughtful and generous proposition of Mr. BOURNE, which has undoubtedly stimulated many a man to accomplish himself for clerkly occupation. The publicity given to the proposal for competition has been somewhat limited, and the time is extended to the 1st of January. Let every left-handed soldier write a brief sketch, of some three or four pages, of his personal experience, as neatly and legibly as he can, roll it smoothly upon wood, and send it to WM. O. BOURNE, editor of the *Soldier's Friend*, New York.

HOPELESS LOVE.

Two lovers sat beside the sea,
The summer moonlight shining down,
She leaned against his breast, and he
Smiled in her eyes of softened brown;
But with wild look and haggard mien
A wretched watcher gazed, unseen.

To tell his love he had that night
Gone forth in eager search of her,
And it was thus she met his sight!
He longed to fly—he could not stir—
A fascination held him there,
He staid to dally with despair.

On them the moon looked down and smiled,
The timid stars gleamed with delight,
The wind stood still, and like a child
The tired sea slumbered in their sight;
But black and wild and weird and dim
Were sky and sea and moon to him.

The voice of her he loved in low
And tender accents reached his ear—
The sweetest tones on earth; but oh!
They were not meant for *him* to hear.
It was unutterable pain
To lose, and see another gain.

He looked down on the quiet sea,
And up into the tranquil sky,
And thought for such a wretch as he
How sweet a thing it was to die.
He smiled; he knew a nobler cure
Of grief—to patiently endure.

These quenchless stars, he thought, above,
This sea's illimitable plain,
Show 'tis not all of life to love,
Nor all of death to love in vain:
Perhaps in His eternal plan
Grief is the highest gain of man.

She laughed a merry laugh, and bent
Her head to meet her lover's kiss,
And he who watched her was content—
He saw that she felt perfect bliss;
He cared not for *his* grief or ill,
For she he loved was happy still.

He stole a last and lingering look,
He breathed one silent, earnest prayer,
And then the lonely path he took
And left her with her lover there;
Without a tear, without a groan,
He walked away, unloved, alone.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

RECONSTRUCTION.

IT never rains but it pours. A short time since and nothing seemed so indefinite and vague as President Johnson's policy for the reconstruction of the Southern States. But now certainly we are not left in the dark as to any important feature of that policy. In the first place we have Secretary Seward's Auburn speech, from which we learn that there is perfect accord between the President and his Cabinet, as also between the present and the last Administration. Secretary Seward claims for President Johnson that he is without partisanship, that he has only the interests of the country in view. His policy is conciliatory from the necessities of the case. We must live in harmony with the South, and we must show that our disposition toward them is friendly. "We must trust each other."

Essentially similar views as to the President's policy were expressed by Henry Ward Beecher in his discourse on the evening of October 22.

Besides the speech of Mr. Seward, the substance of President Johnson's remarks on the subject of reconstruction in the Southern States, during a recent private interview with him, is given, with the President's approval, by Major George L. Stearns, of Massachusetts. We give elsewhere an abstract of the opinions expressed by the President in that interview.

The North Carolina Convention adjourned October 19. At an early stage of the Convention a proposition to repudiate the rebel debt of the State had been tabled. The proposition was passed before the adjournment of the Convention. This was in accordance with President Johnson's opinion as expressed in a dispatch to Governor Holden, that every dollar of the rebel debt must be repudiated.

The working-men of Charleston held a meeting on October 16, at which they adopted an address to their fellow-citizens and nominated Wade Hampton for Governor. In their address they express their belief that the destruction of slavery will ultimately prove a great benefit to all the people of the State, and especially to the working-man, as it will tend to free him from the monopolies of capitalists and dignify labor.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.

The following twenty-four States have ratified the Constitutional amendment abolishing slavery:

Illinois, Feb. 1, 1865.	Indiana, Feb. 13, 1865.
Rhode Island, Feb. 2, 1865.	Nevada, Feb. 16, 1865.
Maryland, Feb. 3, 1865.	Louisiana, Feb. 17, 1865.
Massachusetts, Feb. 3, 1865.	Missouri, Feb. 24, 1865.
New York, Feb. 3, 1865.	Wisconsin, Feb. 24, 1865.
Pennsylvania, Feb. 3, 1865.	Vermont, March 9, 1865.
West Virginia, Feb. 3, 1865.	Tennessee, April 5, 1865.
Michigan, Feb. 4, 1865.	Arkansas, April —, 1865.
Maine, Feb. 7, 1865.	Connecticut, May 4, 1865.
Ohio, Feb. 8, 1865.	Iowa, June 30, 1865.
Kansas, Feb. 8, 1865.	New Hampshire, June 30, 1865.
Minnesota, Feb. 8, 1865.	
East Virginia, Feb. 9, 1865.	

It has been rejected by three States: by Delaware, Feb. 8, 1865; by Kentucky, Feb. 23, 1865; and by New Jersey, March 1, 1865. The new State, Colorado, will soon ratify the amendment. North Carolina has embodied the amendment as a part of her State Constitution; and it will be ratified by the Southern States themselves, perhaps, ere it is by New Jersey and Delaware.

NEWS ITEMS.

Among the delegates elect to the Georgia State Constitutional (reconstruction) Convention are Edward C. Anderson, Colonel of the Twenty-second battalion of Georgia Artillery, and the defender of Fort M'Allister when captured by Sherman; and the venerable Joshua Hill, formerly United States Senator.

Under date of November 30, 1864, Mr. Seward conveyed a pointed but polite rebuke to our Minister in Denmark, Mr. B. R. Wood, for having exchanged visits with the "envoy of the so-called imperial Government" of Mexico.

On the 19th of May, 1864, Mr. Seward assured the Spanish Government very emphatically that the United States could not regard with indifference the attempt to conquer and reannex the territory of Peru.

The notorious guerrilla Champ Ferguson was hanged at Nashville October 20, in accordance with the sentence of the court-martial by which he was tried. Another guerrilla, named Henry G. Magruder, was also executed by hanging at Louisville the same day.

The late Edward Everett's residence, in Summer Street, Boston, and the furniture it contained, were sold at auction October 18. The house and adjoining grounds brought fifty-seven thousand dollars.

A disastrous fire took place in Charleston, South Carolina, October 18, on Hayne Street. Thirty or forty persons were buried beneath the ruins and fifteen or twenty killed.

During the year ending June 30, 1865, the Pension Office admitted 15,328 invalid soldiers to Pensions, and 24,716 widows, mothers, and orphans. The annual payment to these pensioners will amount to $3,796,457.

We are glad to see that Colonel Jaquess, of peace-negotiation notoriety, whose arrest on the most odious charges we stated a few weeks since, has been found not guilty and acquitted.

General John E. Mulford, agent on the part of the United States for the exchange of prisoners, is about to make a most important report to the Secretary of War and Lieutenant-General Grant touching the interests of late Union prisoners of war. General Mulford is now, and for months has been, engaged in closing up the affairs of his department.

The Fourth Auditor's Report for the year ending July 1 shows that the requisitions for the navy during the year amounted to $122,670,677. Thirty thousand prize claims were received, nearly all of which have been adjusted, involving a disbursement of four and three-quarters millions. General claims to the amount of $800,000 have also been adjusted. Naval allotments to the amount of a million and a half have likewise been attended to, and twenty-four millions disbursed for paymasters' accounts.

The second great ocean yacht race of the season, this time between the yachts *Palmer* and *Henrietta*, was decided on Tuesday, October 17, the latter vessel being declared victorious.

Sir Morton Peto and party, accompanied by Hon. Robert J. Walker and others, visited the Executive mansion October 18, to pay their respects to President Johnson. The interview was of an interesting character.

General Beauregard is to be superintendent of the New Orleans and Jackson Railroad.

Joe Davis, brother of Jeff, has made a peremptory demand for the restoration of the lands formerly owned by both of them, and intimates that he will brook no delay, but will take possession of the property whether he receives a permit from the military authorities or not.

Major Lamb, of Norfolk, who commanded Fort Fisher when it was taken by our forces, has been in Providence, Rhode Island, for some weeks. The Minié ball that he received in his hip during the struggle at Fort Fisher has been extracted by a surgeon of that city.

Ex-President Frank Pierce has purchased a snug little place of 40 acres, called the Brown Farm, in North Hampton, New Hampshire, north side of Little Bore's Head, and about a mile south of the Atlantic House, at Rye.

A railway collision, resulting in the death of one passenger and the serious injury of a large number of persons, took place, on the night of October 22, on the New Haven road. Disregard of orders is said to have been the cause of this disaster.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE news from South America is favorable to the Brazilians and their allies. Three thousand of the Paraguayans, on the Uruguay, under Duarte, have literally been annihilated near Restauracion, in Corrientes, by the allied Brazilians and Argentines, under Generals Flores and Paunero. The battle took place at Yatay on the right or Correntino bank of the Uruguay, about three leagues south of Uruguayana, which is on the opposite or Brazilian shore. Seven thousand more Paraguayans, cut off in Uruguayana by twenty thousand men from all escape or aid, were momentarily expected to surrender. On the other hand, the Brazilian fleet has suffered considerable injury and some loss in men in passing the batteries erected by the Paraguayans on the heights of Cuevas to prevent its descent. The Paraguayans fight bravely, and seem to prefer death to laying down their arms. This rendered the battle of Yatay a "regular butchery," to use a phrase of one of the generals opposed to the Paraguayans in that battle. Duarte, the Paraguayan leader, was killed.

Considerable excitement has been caused in England by the publication there of an abstract of the correspondence between Mr. Adams and Earl Russell on the subject of the depredations of the *Shenandoah* and other rebel cruisers. Mr. Adams suggested a reference of the matter in dispute to the arbitration of neutrals. This Lord Russell declined, but proposed to submit the case to a commission. Mr. Adams doubted the expediency of such a reference, when the subject was dropped. It will be remembered that Mr. Seward, in his recent speech at Auburn, said that he believed President Johnson would conduct this part of our affairs in such a manner as to yield and recover indemnities justly due, without any compromise of the national dignity and honor. According to this Mr. Seward evidently means to insist upon arbitration. As the matter at present stands, a portion of the British press openly express their fears of a hostile rupture with this country.

England appears to be afflicted or threatened with every sort of epidemic. They have the yellow-fever at Swansea; the cholera has commenced its ravages at Southampton, and a new form of disease has broken out among the cattle, called the Sinderpest.

The cholera has appeared in Paris.

The Republic of Chili, South America, has been threatened by Spain with war unless she pays heavy damages for her sympathy with Peru in her late difficulty.

The Emperor Maximilian issued a proclamation on October 2 announcing the departure of Juarez from Mexican soil. The proclamation threatens severe measures against those who persevere in the maintenance of republicanism.

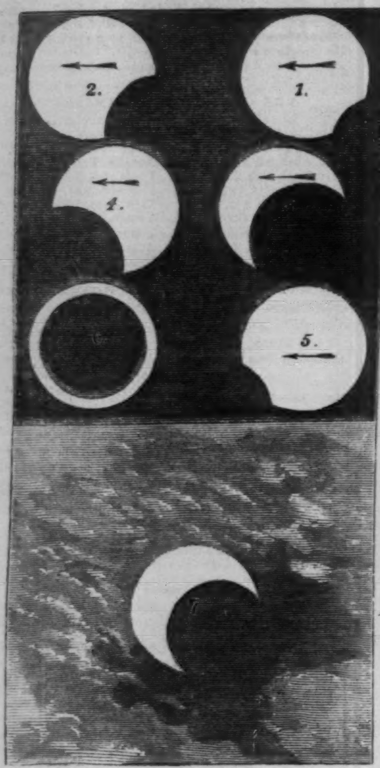


Fig. 1. 9 A.M.
Fig. 2. 9.45 A.M.
Fig. 3. 10.30 A.M.
Fig. 4. 11.15 A.M.
Fig. 5. 12 M.
Fig. 6. Annular eclipse.
Fig. 7. View as seen at 10.30 A.M. in New York.

LOOKING AT THE ECLIPSE, October 19, 1865.

THE ECLIPSE.

The moon, although a very small item in the astral world as compared with the sun, sometimes quite or completely overshadows the latter by her advantages of position relatively to the earth. An illustration of this was given on Thursday, October 19, when the centre of the moon's shadow passed over North America, causing in some of the United States a central, or annular, eclipse of the sun. The path of the central eclipse over the United States will be well represented by nearly a straight line drawn on a map from a point about ten miles north-northeast of Olympia to Jefferson, Missouri, and thence about eight miles northeast of Nashville and of Charleston to the Atlantic; and two other lines drawn parallel thereto, toward the northeast and southwest, and distant therefrom about eighty-five geographical or one hundred English miles, will include all that portion of our country in which the eclipse was annular, or the whole of the moon was seen on the sun; but under the central line only was the ring of uniform width throughout. Within these limits were included St. Louis, Cairo, Savannah, Charleston, Nashville, etc. The eclipse was nearly annular at Chicago, Richmond, Raleigh, and other places.

In this city, at the time of the greatest obscuration (10.30 A.M.) about $\frac{72}{100}$ of the sun was covered by the shadow. Our readers will remember that on May 26, 1854, there was a similar eclipse, which was completely annular in the Northern States.

The eclipse of last week occasioned great interest, although in this locality the clouds only allowed of an occasional glimpse at the sun.

BURNING OF THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL FREIGHT DEPOT AT DETROIT, MICHIGAN, October 18, 1865. [Sketched by L. T. Ives.]

BURNING OF THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL DEPOT.

The most destructive conflagration which ever occurred in Detroit took place on the night of October 18. The freight dépôt and shed of the Michigan Central Railroad, stored with valuable commodities, and representing property in all portions of the country, were totally destroyed, crippling severely one of the most enterprising of Western railroad corporations.

The fire broke out in a train of cars which was being loaded with freight in a section of the dépôt. A barrel of

SHIPWRECKED PASSENGERS AND CREW OF THE BRIG "TITANIA."—Sketched by Captain Frame.—[See Page 693.]

varnish had been broken and its contents were spreading over one of the cars when a light in the hand of one of the workmen coming in contact with the varnish the whole car burst into flames. The fire spread rapidly, all efforts to stay its progress proving futile. In the excitement of the moment the burning car, with those ahead of it on the track, was run from where it was being loaded—near the Third Street end of the dépôt—to the westerly end of the structure into the open air. The burning material dropped from the car as it passed, thus firing the building at numerous points at once. Several trains of cars in the vicinity were also burned. The total loss by the fire is estimated at one million of dollars, the loss in freight alone amounting to one-half that sum. It is feared that three men were burned to death, as they have been missing since the fire.

WRECK OF THE "TITANIA."

THE brig *Titania*, Captain G. W. FRAME, which left Philadelphia on the morning of the 9th October, with a cargo of coal and hay, for Mobile, encountered a severe gale on the night of Friday, October 13, which caused her to spring a leak not long afterward. Both pumps were at once manned; but it was discovered that, despite every effort, the water was gaining steadily. To lighten her as much as possible the cargo on deck was thrown overboard; but on sounding the pumps again five feet of water was found in the hold.

Two days passed in incessant labor at the pumps, and the water rose to eleven feet. In this situation the vessel was liable to sink at any moment, and it was therefore determined to abandon her. A raft, ten feet square, was constructed and launched, and on the 16th the crew and passengers, ten persons in all, embarked upon it. Our illustration on page 692 shows the scene which was presented just before the *Titania* went down, which was two hours after she had been abandoned. The party consisted of nine men and one woman, the latter being placed on a cask, as the weight of the crew bore down the raft under a foot of water. The story which Captain FRAME tells us of the horrible situation in which he and his companions were placed is very interesting. He says that in this wretched state, without food or water, they floated about twenty-four hours, until, on the 17th, in latitude 32° 20′, and longitude 74°, they were discovered by the United States gunboat *Florida*, and taken on board. What is most curious in the Captain's story is the fact that all the while they were on the raft an uncommonly large whale floated alongside, "so near that a lady could have reached him with her handkerchief," and only left them on the appearance of the *Florida*. This whale was about 130 feet long, and as it lay alongside, towering eight feet above the water, it was a source of terrible anxiety and alarm to the unfortunate occupants of the raft. Strange to tell, the whale, through the entire twenty-four hours they were held in suspense, staid beside the raft, doing them no harm, and as soon as the *Florida* came in sight plunged downward into the sea. The group on the raft were now in greater alarm than before, apprehending that the whale upon returning to the surface might destroy their frail bark. How glad was their surprise, therefore, when they saw arising in the distance a spout of water, and knew that their alarm was groundless! Still more rejoiced were they when just beyond the spout—as if that had been meant for a sign to them—they discerned the *Florida*. The Captain says also that, although so far out at sea, land-birds continually hovered about them—a circumstance which gave them great comfort, impressing them with the fact that they were the comforting messengers of Him who directs the storm, and who, they trusted, would save them from death.

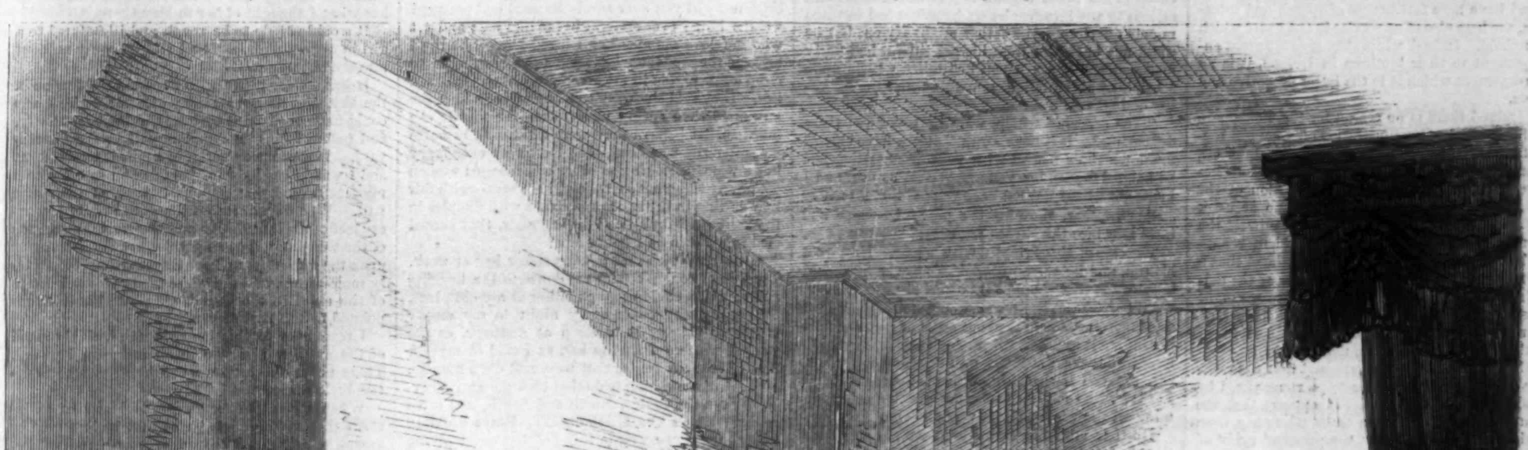
The officers and crew of the *Florida* raised the sum of $361, which was presented to the ship-wrecked voyagers, one-third being given to the female passenger and the remainder to the crew.

THE LATE FRANCIS WAYLAND, D.D.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY MANCHESTER BROTHERS AND ANGELL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.]

DR. FRANCIS WAYLAND.

THE late Dr. FRANCIS WAYLAND, formerly a President of Brown University, and a well-known writer on Ethical subjects, was born in this city March 11, 1796, and at the time of his death was sixty-nine years of age. In early life he was a tutor at Union College, and subsequently a pastor of the First Baptist Church in Boston.

After five years of faithful ministerial labor Dr. WAYLAND was elected to the Professorship of Mathematics and Natural History at Union College. But soon afterward he was chosen President of Brown University, and in February, 1827, entered upon the duties of that office in which he was to spend the most important portion of his life. He was then just entering upon the thirty-second year of his age. He was in the fullness of his vigor and strength. Few men possessed such a capacity for labor. He threw himself into his work with an energy and an enthusiasm which insured success. During his presidency large additions were made to the philosophical and the chemical apparatus; the library fund, which has secured one of the choicest collections of books in the country, was established; Manning Hall,



EXAMINATION OF FENIANS BEFORE THE POLICE MAGISTRATE AT DUBLIN, IRELAND.—[SEE PAGE 694.]

containing the spacious chapel and the fine library room, and Rhode Island Hall with its lecture rooms were erected; the college grounds were laid out tastefully, and the President's mansion was built. Dr. WAYLAND served the college as Professor and President for twenty-eight years.

Dr. WAYLAND is chiefly known by his works, especially his text-books on Political Economy and Moral Science, and his biographies of JUDSON and CHALMERS. It has been granted to few men in our generation to achieve so much for education and Christianity as has been accomplished by Dr. WAYLAND.

THE FENIAN CONGRESS.

THE exciting topic in our foreign intelligence is still the Fenian Brotherhood, its doings and its sufferings. There is a curious and almost ludicrous feature connected with the subject, in the fact that while the Fenians in this country, where they can be of no practical benefit to the cause, are rampant and undisguised, on the other side of the Atlantic, where their real field of operation lies, they are quite completely overwhelmed, being opposed by every element both of power and respectability.

An engraving on our first page represents the Assembly Building on Tenth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, in which the Fenian Congress was recently convened. At an informal meeting on October 16, six hundred delegates were present from various parts of the country. This was open to the public. Colonel JOHN O'MAHONY, of the Ninety-ninth New York Militia, the Head Centre of the Order, was present, though originally not in favor of the meeting. He read an address in which he alluded to the presence with them of a special envoy from the Irish Republican Brotherhood who would upon their organization detail some encouraging news. He said the persecution of the body by the English Government was only an acknowledgment of the power of the Fenian Order. Great Britain was now satisfied that the movement was no sham. The subsequent action of the Congress was with closed doors, JOHN O'MAHONY being President.

On the night of the 18th the President of the Central Council, WILLIAM R. ROBERTS, read a telegraphic dispatch received by Mr. GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN from Secretary SEWARD "denouncing the calumny of the English press." The Convention then adjourned and proceeded to the Academy of Music to hear an oration from Mr. TRAIN. The oration was characteristic of the orator, which is perhaps all that need be said on the subject.

But, as we have already intimated, the Fenians in this country, though they are here most powerful, and have here full license of speech and intercourse, are here also of no service in the cause which they uphold. Indeed, while they give apparent encouragement to their brethren in Ireland, it is an encouragement which is to the latter deceptive and ruinous.

In Ireland there is no reason for the Fenians to hope for success. Our illustration on page 693 represents the trial before a Dublin magistrate of six Fenian prisoners, who were the leading persons implicated in the authorship and publication of the *Irish People.* It will go hard with the accused. They are charged with an intention to subvert the government and establish an independent republic. The law-adviser of the Castle declares that a sort of agrarianism forms no small part of the policy of these Fenians. The lower classes were taught by them to expect that they might have a share of the property, real and personal, of the country; that the leases, by which one man held more property than another, were unjust; and that the operations of the revolution were to be commenced by an indiscriminate massacre. It appears that the Fenians had received large sums of money from America. JOHN STEPHENS, the principal agent of the conspiracy, had escaped. It was advanced by the law officer that a connection could be traced between HOPPER (one of the prisoners), the proprietor of the *Irish People*, and Colonel JOHN O'MAHONY, the American "Head Centre" of the Order.

Since the seizure of the *Irish People* another paper, the Connaught *Patriot*, has been seized, and its editor, O'BRENNAN, and the printer have been arrested and committed for trial.

FIRE AT BELFAST, MAINE.

ON page 700 we give a sketch of a terrible conflagration that occurred at Belfast, Maine, on the night of October 12, by which a large portion of the city was destroyed. Belfast is a city of about eight thousand inhabitants, situated on Penobscot Bay, and is one of the most beautiful and flourishing towns in Maine. The fire, which is supposed to be the work of an incendiary, broke out in a boat shop on one of the wharves about eleven o'clock in the evening, and was not subdued until seven o'clock the next morning. In this time one hundred and thirty buildings were consumed, twenty of the principal business establishments of the city destroyed, and nearly one hundred families made homeless. The estimated loss is three hundred thousand dollars.

Our sketch was taken on the spot by Mr. WILLIAM M. HALL, an artist of Belfast, and is not only a perfect representation of the conflagration when at its height, but also a correct and striking view of the lower part of the city.

THE ORIGIN OF ROAST PIG.

MANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing it or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day.

This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius, in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cook's Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following:

The swine-herd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the wood one morning, as his manner was, to collect food for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who, being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches and the labor of an hour or two at any time, as for the loss of the pigs.

While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? Not from the burned cottage—he had smelled that smell before; indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young fire-brand—much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burned his fingers, and to cool them he applied them, in his booby fashion, to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding that it was the pig that smelled so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amidst the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel; and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower regions had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig till he had fairly made an end of it; when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued:

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burned me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you, but you must be eating fire, and I know not what? What have you got there, I say?"

"Oh, father, the pig—the pig! Do come and taste how nice the burned pig eats!"

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burned pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burned pig, father; only taste! O Lord!" with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling, scorching his fingers as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretense, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burned down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burned pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it, and burning their fingers as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given—to the surprise of the whole Court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and, when the Court was dismissed, went privily and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till, in process of time, says the manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burned*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later—I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious, arts make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith on the account thus given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

THE PERSIAN FORTUNE-TELLER.

A PERSIAN girl would know her fate;
Her lover was afar,
She breathed no spell of awful weight;
She stood before no sorcerer's gate;
Dark secrets to unbar:
But light she tripped to her own rose bower,
To read her doom in an opening flower.

Her lover to the war had gone;
And thus his faith she proved;
She kissed of her rose-buds the fairest one
And blushed, though she was heard by none
Whispering the name she loved;
She must watch that flower the livelong day,
To mark if it blooms or fades away.

Ere noontide passed the flower she chose
Had withered at the core;
Yet she sat and wept through the day's bright close,
And the moon's pale reign, till the small stars rose,
And her rose was seen no more!
Still she sat—her white hand pillowed her head,
She seemed to gaze—but her soul had fled!

ALL-HALLOW EVE.

I HAD just one year of pure, bright happiness given to me by the Lord when I was a young fellow of twenty-one. He took it away again when He saw fit—maybe I didn't deserve it; but I'm sure it made me none the worse while it lasted, for it has made me better, just thinking of it, ever since.

Somehow the angels put in my way the dearest, brightest girl you ever saw! So good and pretty, I wonder how I ever brought her to like me; and yet who *did* love me about as I loved her. She lived to wear the wedding-ring I put upon her finger, to sleep a few nights in my bosom, and then God took her. They said she wasn't meant to live a long life any more than spring violets are—the violets she loved so. I believe they were right. It came to me, after she was dead, that I couldn't ever fancy her a woman, looking as other middle-aged women do, or any thing but just the girl she was—with fair hair curling in her neck, and hands with dimples in them like a baby's—oh! little hands, that turned cold in my own as I held them!

I was not a rich man; 'twas either beg or work. Even grief couldn't take me down to the begging point; and I couldn't go on either at my old place, taking my way home every night to my empty house, or passing it to sleep at mother's, as she wanted me to. I said to her, as I said to myself, that I'd lose my senses that way, and die a maniac. So I found something to do that took me away traveling over the States, North and South, and often as far back as the Mississippi. Always moving, always busy, never forgetting *her*, but never giving myself time to dwell upon my memory.

Once a year, or so—maybe at Christmas, or Thanksgiving, or on my birthday—I used to find my way back to the old folks, and then my room was always ready and mother waiting for me. I couldn't stay, though. I often tried to, for mother's sake, but it was no use. I'd go to the grave-yard and find the little stone, with roses and dew-plant all about it, and know she was there, and yet I couldn't get it out of my head that if I could but go into our little house I should find her, alive and bright and beautiful. And in the walks by the river and through the woods I've felt my heart beat as if it would burst just at seeing some girl in a round hat and white dress—as though there were a chance of coming across *her*.

So in a week or two I had to go again. It was always so. I didn't talk much about it—'twasn't my way—but mother knew. One year I had not been home at all until October came, and I knew the trees on the old place were all turning to red and gold, and that the grave-yard was carpeted with leaves, and in the sweet, misty October afternoons mother sat knitting on the porch, thinking of Jem, and I felt home-sick, and as if there were no rest any where else; and without writing a word I took the cars and went home.

I was glad I went, for she'd been ill, mother had, and was fretting herself about me.

"Couldn't you stay for good, Jem?" she said. "Your father is old, and here is the place on his hands, and you, his only son, off and away the year round. It's not right, child."

Well, I knew it wasn't, but I couldn't go crazy of my free-will. I told her I'd stay as long as I dared—and I did. I staid until she was well again, and helped with the late autumn farm-work; and every night I went to my pet's grave and sat there, sometimes for hours. I was five-and-twenty by that time, and if she had lived she would have been twenty—she who had been in her grave already four long years! It seemed strange to me how people felt about it. I suppose men don't care as much about their wives as I did about mine, as a general thing. After the first year they took it as a matter of course that I should marry again—taking the old love out of my heart as I took the band of crape off of my hat. And now my friends picked out this wife for me, and now that one—a girl with a pretty face, or a faculty for housekeeping, or one who was "sure to suit me, she was so amiable."

Most of all my cousin Nelly tormented me on the subject; why, I can't tell, for (though I'm not vain, I hope) I think the girl would have had me herself if I had had any liking for *her*. She was a merry creature, full of fun, and fond of practical jokes. Who was hurt she never cared, so that she had her laugh; and if she made you blush and wince under her smart speeches, all the better for Nell. I could have been content never to see her at the house, but mother said she brightened the whole place with her laugh and her merry ways, and she was there half the time while I was home. I fancy mother hoped I might some day take a notion to Nell and marry her, and settle down again on the farm instead of roving. It was farther from my thoughts than any thing in the world could have been.

Hallow Eve came around while I was home this time; and while we three sat about the fire listening to the boys running along the street, with raps at every door and yells of, "Holly eve! Holly eve!"—(I'd helped them often when I was a youngster)—there came rappings at ours, and who should stand there but cousin Nell, with a train of young folks with baskets and fiddles behind her—a regular "surprise-party," as they called such affairs down our way. There was nothing for it but to ask them in and welcome them, and the fun began, fast and furious. They danced and sung, and ate and drank, and at last fell to playing Hallow-eve tricks: dropping melted lead in water, burning nuts, and I don't know what besides. At last Nelly dared one and all to try a trick an old Scotch woman had told her of.

Go to the nearest church-yard, pluck three spears of grass, and hold them until the clock struck twelve, with a horrible sort of rhyme about "the dead telling what the living could not know," which I have quite forgotten now, when a ghost would take the likeness of the one you sought to see. This talking of wooing and winning, mixed up with graves and spectres, made a deal of merriment for others, but was a terrible sort of thing to me.

I felt sick and angry. I wondered at them—most of all at Nell; and when, seeing me grave, the girl began to jest and joke about one Betsey Oliver—who, fortunately, was not there, though it would hardly have made much difference to Nell, in her reckless mood, if she had been—and to cry that it was a pity she was not able to come and cheer Jem up a little, and ask would no one run across fields to beg Betsey to come just for Jem's sake; and to name nuts after us two and burn them, and call the room-full to see how cozily they simmered side by side—I felt too much like telling her what I thought of her to stay there.

It would not do to be rough and ill-natured to a girl in my own house. So I slipped away and out into the moonlight.

It was a clear night, with a round bright moon in the sky, and as light as day almost: I think one could have read print by it. I walked on slowly, and before I knew it found myself in the church-yard. It was not a quarter of a mile from our door, and I was in the habit of going there so often that my feet turned that way, as it were, of their own will. When I was inside the gate I could see every leaf of the late shrubs and flowers, every branch of the weeping willows over the graves, the names upon the tombstones where they were not too thickly moss-grown, and the white face and black hands of the clock in the church steeple. Those hands pointed to half past eleven.

I remember to this hour the faint, sickly smell of the evening primrose in an inclosure I passed. There never was a time when I had seemed to notice little things so minutely.

When I came to Amy's grave I saw in an instant that some ribbon grass that had sprung up among the flowers was turning coarse and yellow, and I pulled it away. Then I lay down with my head upon the mound and looked up at the stars.

When I was a child mother used to point out the "Dipper" to me, and tell me how to find the North Star by it. It was so odd of me to do it *then*, and to remember doing it now, when all the while I was thinking of my poor little wife, and longing for her as we long for those we have loved and lost.

I tell you this because what happened after might give you very strange thoughts of me if I did not. Could you believe that any man would be so heartless and ridiculous as to come to that solemn place, and sit upon his dead wife's grave, to play a silly Hallow-eve trick? God knows *I* was not the man nor mine the mood for such an act.

Yet, as truly as I am writing this, after I had been sitting there for something like half an hour, I lifted my eyes to the church clock, and saw it upon the stroke of twelve, and at the same time found that I had unconsciously kept three spears of the grass I had plucked up between my fingers. How I came to do it I never knew; nor how, against my will, those stupid, wicked lines about the dead telling what the living could not, and "Come round the church, my true love, to me," the rhyme I had been so angry with when Nell uttered it, forced itself upon my memory so vividly that it almost seemed as though I had spoken the words.

Then out rang the clock, and at the twelfth stroke I started to my feet, for a woman's figure stood before me.

A tall, slender figure, draped in black, with its face as plainly to be seen as every thing else was on that moonlight night.

Its features were like a statue's; its hair light, quite flaxen; its eyes black; on its neck was a brown mole; from a chain on the breast glittered a cross. There it stood, straight and still, those great black eyes fixed on me.

My first thought was that by means of some disguise Nell had played a trick on me. I determined to expose it at once, and sprang toward the figure, but my foot slipped on the dewy grass, and I fell prostrate. When I recovered an upright position I was alone.

Had Nell played this trick on me or not? I could not tell. I went home as fast as my feet could carry me, and found them busy with their

fun. I asked my mother if Nell had been absent for any time, and she declared not one had left the room. I took Nell herself aside and asked her, seriously and angrily, what she meant by sending some one after me to mock and startle me when she knew why I visited the grave-yard. I spoke to her so roughly that I brought tears into her eyes, and for once she answered seriously. I believed when I left her that she told the truth and knew nothing of the circumstance.

Then who was in the grave-yard? No one who lived in the village. I knew every girl in the quiet place by sight; and when I asked mother, describing her as a person I had met, who the woman was, she said at once, "There is no one who looks in the least like that in Stratton."

Well, I kept my own counsel and told what I had seen to no one, and after a while the restless feeling came upon me and I left home once more. Traveling with my samples of hardware—that was my business—over the States, and keeping busy and growing more serious and quiet and middle-aged looking every day of my life, I was ten years older in looks and feelings than any man of my age I ever met.

I went home off and on, and whenever I found myself in the old house I thought of my Hallow-eve vision. But I never saw the girl again except in my dreams. Sometimes I *did* dream of the face, and I never forgot it—it was too peculiar for that. When the war we have just fought through first broke out I enlisted. Mother thought I had done a terrible thing, and cried over me in my uniform as though it had been my shroud. But it was the best thing I could have done in every sense. It made a man of me again. The camp life, the fighting, the long marches, the midnight watches, the privations and exertions, were better than the best tonics. I grew strong in mind and body. I did my best. A private soldier can not do much to distinguish himself, but no one could call me a coward. I never tried to fling my life away, but it was not so precious that I was willing to lose honor for it. I was wounded four or five times, but always slightly, and, the war over, found myself, with all my limbs and senses, ready to fling my cap up with the best and cry, "Huzza for the old Union!" and somehow the Southern soil had a charm for me, and I didn't care to leave it.

I used to go wandering about with my rifle on my shoulder alone, sometimes, for whole days together. Often I came to places where grand old family mansions had been burned down, and there were but tottering walls and crumbled mortar and charred beams left, and sit and wonder who had lived there and what their fate had been. And sometimes I had long talks with colored folks who had been slaves, or with men who had been rich and were poor as beggars now.

Mother wanted to see me—"to be sure," she wrote, "that I was safe;" and I meant to go soon, but kept putting off the journey from day to day, as though some spell detained me.

It was five years, nearly six, since I had been to Stratton. There had been changes there, and Cousin Nell was married. A railway had been laid through the village, absolutely cutting away one end of father's farm, which was almost the only farm left so close to the new streets of the place. I should hardly know it, said mother. Altogether it seemed a lifetime since I first shouldered my rifle. Time always seems long when many events and many changes crowd close together.

Wandering on, I came one day to a house which stood upon a little elevation amidst a group of trees not far from Richmond. There had been no burning there, but the place looked forlorn enough. The windows had been beaten in, the porch and shutters broken. There were bits of handsome furniture scattered about, and fragments of elegant curtains at the windows. Not a sign of life any where, though it seemed plain that a well-to-do family had lived there not long ago. The place interested me, and I was seized with a fancy for entering and inspecting the interior.

If I had been a poet I think I could have written a poem then. You never saw a place so suggestive of ruined household happiness. There, in the parlor, were portraits hanging on the wall slit and slashed. A piano, beaten, as if in some mad frolic, into broken pieces. A work-table shivered and smashed amidst soiled worsted and rusty knitting-needles. A thousand things of the same kind telling the same tale. Doubtless it was a rebel's home, and I, you know, had fought those rebels and sent a bullet to the heart of many a one; yet I felt the tears come into my eyes as I looked around.

In one room was a great chair that looked as if it might have been "grandfather's" or "grandmother's chair," and in that I sat down at last.

I had been walking all day. I was very tired and very drowsy. In ten minutes I fell asleep. How long I slept I do not know. When I opened my eyes I saw through the broken windows the sun setting behind the dark trees that bordered the prospect. It was late. I had a long way yet to walk before I could reach the place where I intended to sleep that night; and I started up in haste to find myself face to face with a woman.

A young woman, dressed in black, with straight features and a slender form—with eyes black as night, and a mass of flaxen hair rippling from her face—with a mole upon her neck, and hanging over her breast a golden cross suspended from a chain. The woman, or the vision of a woman, whom I had met in the Stratton church-yard!

I stood motionless. Unless you have seen or fancied a ghost you'll never know how I felt, until I heard her cry out and beg me not to harm her, and knew she was quite human. Then my senses returned to me.

I bowed—apologized for having given her alarm—told her that I had believed the place untenanted, and so felt at liberty to rest there, and departed. All the while receiving no answer from her, I think her terror was too great to allow her to speak. I made my way down the broken steps and out into the tangled garden. I believed that this mysterious realization of my vision would be left behind me as that had been. But, as though Fate had some hand in the matter, at the very gate my rifle, carelessly held, caught in some creepers and went off, sending the charge into my side. The blood poured out in a stream. I tried to stagger on, but was too weak in a moment.

The next thing I knew I was outstretched upon the grass, and over me bent that girl with the fair hair and black eyes, and an old negro.

"He is hurt?" I heard her ask.

"Mighty bad, Missee."

"We must not let him die for want of care. He is our enemy; but we should forgive our enemies, you know, Scip."

"Yes, Missee."

Then they carried me in. She made a place for me to lie with cushions and old pillows and coverlets, and the negro, who appeared very skillful, removed the ball and dressed my wounds. Then, when I was easier, the girl came to me with some gruel in a bowl.

"It is poor stuff," she said; "but I have nothing but meal and water in the house."

She spoke coldly, as to an enemy, but with some womanly pity in her eyes nevertheless.

When I thanked her she bowed and answered courteously that she had done very little.

"Though I should have done more if I could," she said. "I have always been taught to return good for evil if I had the opportunity."

That speech hurt me. I was the enemy of all rebels and traitors, but I did not wish to be hers, though she was doubtless a rebel's daughter.

I suppose stranger feelings never fell to any man's share than those I had when I looked at that girl. The more I looked the more positive I was that it was her face I had seen on Hallow Eve. And why did I see it, and how? What was she to be to me that I should have had a vision of her five years before? It was more than I could answer.

Scip told me her story. Of course it was a rebel family—mad, hot-blooded Southerners. The father had been a colonel in the rebel army, and the son had fought under him. Both were killed in the same battle, and the wife and mother died of grief. Only this girl was left, and she had come back to the ruins of her old home because she had no other place to live.

"Oder niggers all gone," said Scip; "but I ain't gwine to leave Miss Grace. I stays to protect her, I does. Laws, I toted her when she was a baby, and my head was white then. Old Uncle Scip can't leave Miss Grace nohow."

I asked one other question: "Has your mistress a lover—any one she will be likely to marry, now this war is over?"

And Scip answered:

"No, Massa, dere an't nobody but Scip, nowhere."

Well, there I was, and there I staid longer than I expected to, for the wound inflamed and a fever set in, and I had a chance of trying what the next world was like. Somehow the old darkey and his mistress nursed me through it, and when I was as helpless as a baby Grace Bayard forgot I was an enemy in her pity and care for me. Before I was quite well I knew I loved her.

I had said I would never think of any woman as a wife. I had meant it. Of any other I never should, but that vision of her had its effect. It was foreordained. She needed a protector; I was sent to love and cherish her. It was not my seeking; Fate had done it all. So I let Love in and he grew strong. It was hard to make her forget I had been the enemy of her people—hard to pull down the barrier those words "North" and "South" had built between us; but I did it at last, and she promised to be my wife, and go home with me to the old farm where mother had waited so long for Jem's coming. And though I had not forgotten Amy, I was happy in a sober, quiet way, and very proud and fond of her.

I had never told her my story of Hallow Eve. I was not sure that I should. But one night, a week before that fixed for our marriage, we were walking in the ruined, choked-up garden, when Grace put her hand on my arm and paused.

"Jem, are you superstitious?" she said.

"No—yes—I don't know."

"I wish you were a little, for I want to tell you something I shall never dare to else."

"Say I *am* then."

"I saw you or your wraith long before we ever met," said Grace. "Don't laugh. Did you ever hear of All-Hallow Eve? Of course, for you have read Burns. You know the odd superstition about seeing one's future lover?"

What was she going to say? I could only make a sign in the affirmative and listen.

"Only for what I am going to tell you I never could have promised to be your wife," said Grace. "It seemed so wrong that I should like an acknowledged enemy of my kindred at first. But we can not resist Fate. Her hand was in it so plainly I saw that was useless. It was so strange a thing. Six years ago, nearly, I was on a visit to the Eastern States with mother. We passed through a place called Stratton, and staid with a cousin of ours there a day and a night. That night was All-Hallow Eve. We had never taken any notice of it, and it was fun to me to see how some of the girls believed in the result of the tricks they tried, and were afraid to try others at all. I was only seventeen, and never have had a drop of coward's blood in my veins, nor until that day an ounce of superstition. So when they dared me to go into the church-yard opposite at twelve and sow hemp-seed around the church three times, I went, meaning to frighten them by a fearful story when I came back. It was the brightest night I ever saw, just like day. I ran about the building twice without adventure, but the third time, exactly as the last seed dropped to the ground, I saw *you*. You stood opposite me, looking straight in my face, and then, somehow, you vanished. I knew you the moment I saw you asleep in that chair in the poor old house, and when you told me you liked me I knew there was no use resisting. Enemies though we should have been, Fate had destined us for each other."

The truth was out at last. I had seen Grace Bayard in the flesh on that All-Hallow Eve six years before, and neither shade nor vision.

So the superstition which had made me woo a second time in spite of every intention and determination I had formed was based on nothing. And hers, when my story was told, was at an end. It was too serious to laugh over, but I kept her hand and stole my arm about her waist.

"There was no fate in it, after all," she sighed. But I whispered,

"Yes, Grace, there is. God alone guides fate, and he has led us to meet each other."

So the truth made no change in us, and we were married in a week, and before this All-Hallow Eve has come to us I shall see her under the roof of the old farm-house at Stratton, whence mother writes that she is ready to kiss her new daughter.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

NEW YORKERS are a fearfully "fast" people in the most literal sense of the word. Nothing is quick enough to satisfy their restless activity. The business man springs upon the passing car, too impatient for it to stop for him, and peruses his newspaper rapidly while he pursues his way, only looking up to throw uneasy glances toward the horses at every fresh delay. He swings himself off the car, rushes across Broadway at the risk of life and limb, under the very noses of the horses, makes a dash through side streets at a pace that would terrify a sober-minded countryman, and, *mirabile dictu*, usually reaches his destination *without* a broken neck.

The ladies exhibit a similar haste, manifested, it is true, somewhat differently. The August heats have scarcely gone before they are impatient to throw aside barège and muslin and put on silks and shawls. These are hastily thrust aside for cloaks and furs, which in turn are doffed, long before summer zephyrs blow, for lighter drapery.

To satisfy this imperious, hurrying public our weekly newspapers must be dated two or three weeks ahead of the time; and our monthlies are called for a fortnight before they are due. "On, on!" "faster, faster!" is the universal internal cry. And a nervous or unsophisticated individual feels as if a great mental locomotive were ever pursuing him, with its shrill whistle, and its ceaseless "choo, choo, choo!"

ARTIFICIAL LEGS *versus* REAL ONES.—A good deal of interest has been excited by the *feats* performed in the American Institute Fair of late. The making of artificial limbs has come to such a state of perfection that in some cases they seem to be rather better than the genuine article. Certainly some of the performances at the Fair were wonderful. One little fellow, who had two artificial legs, was especially active. He wanted to walk a mile, as a trial of speed and agility; but nobody being found who knew exactly how many feet make a mile, he was limited to a distance of 3000 feet—that being six times up and down a lane. He walked rapidly, without fatigue or difficulty, accomplishing the distance in nine minutes.

We are not often able to devote much space in our column to the children, but the following extract contains such pithy instruction that we insert it, so that judicious parents may have some appropriate reading-matter at hand wherewith to interest the little ones:

A STORY FOR GOOD LITTLE GIRLS.

Ma-ry Har-ris was a lit-tle girl who lived in Chi-ca-go. She was a ve-ry pret-ty lit-tle girl, and one day an old bach-e-lor fell in love with her. So he used to write fine let-ters to her, and call her "Rose-bud" and "Puss" and "Lit-tle Mol-lie." But he went to Wash-ing-ton, and got mar-ried, and soon for-got his "Lit-tle Mol-lie." When Ma-ry Har-ris heard the news she bought a pret-ty pis-tol, and went to Wash-ing-ton too. There she found the old bach-e-lor in a big build-ing, which they called the Treas-u-ry De-part-ment. So she went up to him, and shot him with the pret-ty pis-tol. The bul-let went in-to the old bach-e-lor. This made him feel bad, and he died. Then Ma-ry Har-ris cried; for she was a good girl, and ve-ry af-fec-tion-ate. Then the sec-re-ta-ry came to see Ma-ry Har-ris, and pit-ied her ve-ry much. Then the ed-i-tors came to see her, and pit-ied her ve-ry much. For Ma-ry Har-ris was ve-ry pret-ty, and *so* af-fec-tion-ate. And the jail-ers of the pris-on all pit-ied her; and the judg-es, and the ju-ry that tried her, and the law-yers, all pit-ied lit-tle Ma-ry Har-ris. So they let her go free; and the good ju-rors said it was all a mis-take—that she hadn't kill-ed any bo-dy. And ev-ery bo-dy kissed Ma-ry Har-ris, be-cause she was a pret-ty girl. And the peo-ple all huz-za-ed. And ev-ery bo-dy was ve-ry hap-py, and huz-za-ed, ex-cept the old bach-e-lor, who couldn't huz-za be-cause he was dead. Oh, what a nice thing it is to be a pret-ty girl, and shoot an old bach-e-lor! Lit-tle girls, be af-fec-tion-ate, and shoot old bach-e-lors.

Scarcely any thing is more charming on these bright, cool October days than the sight of fair *equestriennes*, with their gallant attendants, cantering through the Park or trotting up and down the avenues. Their fresh faces, beaming with life and love, indicate this to be a health-giving exercise. The very pleasure of seeing them is worth something to the public. A lady never appears to better advantage than when, tastefully dressed, with fearless grace, she rides a spirited horse, conscious that he is under her control. We were passing through a cross-street the other day, when suddenly from a crowd of home-forgotten children arose the cry, "Leddy on horse-back—leddy on horseback!" accompanied by sundry manifestations of pleasure. "What do they say?" inquired the little four-year-old at our side. We explained, pointing out the equestrians passing down the avenue. The little girl looked with puzzled air. "I don't see any lady," said she; "I only see two *gentlemen*." We directed her attention to the lady's flowing drapery, which from our stand-point constituted the only difference between the two. "But why does the lady wear a gentleman's hat?" persisted the child. "*I* don't wear a gentleman's hat" (with an emphasis indicating that she was a standard). "*I* wear my *own* hat." We certainly think the lady's *own* hat has more of beauty and comfort than the stiff, tall beaver. But fashion is imperious. It is a pity, since oftentimes if a correct taste were exercised ladies would be more becomingly dressed.

One grand inconvenience about the present fashions is, that they are entirely unsuitable to middle-aged women. Hats, looped-up skirts, bandelets, and the quantity of false hair, or rather, properly speaking, head-dresses made of hair, as well as paletôts fitting the figure closely, require youthful figures and faces to set them off. Formerly, small tasteful caps were worn by middle-aged women; but these have now been abandoned, and the nets which have taken their place are not nearly so suitable.

There *are* things more wonderful than Herrmann's mysterious magic. Dodworth's Hall is nightly crowded with a fashionable audience—lovers of music. It is not a Gottschalk or a Thalberg who draws them thither, but an uneducated negro boy—Blind Tom—who, with darkened mind and vision, performs on the piano, long and difficult pieces, with precision and power. He is a musical genius. With little understanding about other matters, his musical sense is so acute that he can play the most difficult compositions by ear, after hearing them but once; and can disentangle the most complicated discord, note by note. This is one of the mysteries of nature.

We once heard a lawyer tell how the burglars broke into his office one night. They left evident marks of having rummaged the premises pretty thoroughly; but there was really nothing worth carrying off—and after putting things into general disorder, they departed—apparently in haste, since they left behind them several reams of excellent paper and a roll of broadcloth, which the lawyer found very serviceable. Here is another case in which a thief got the worst end of the bargain:

Mrs. Caroline Warden, of Medford, Massachusetts, after a ride in the horse-car, Saturday, found that there was a diamond ring in her pocket. She remembers a flashy chap sitting at her side, and as her pocket-book, with a few notes in it, was gone, it is supposed the ring accidentally slipped from his finger when abstracting it. The ring is stated to be worth $250.

The unusual heat of the autumn in Paris has had a tendency to keep back the fall fashions. Still new dresses must be made, new hats are called for, and new outside garments must be devised by the ingenious milliners and dress-makers.

Broad stripes are the newest style for autumn silks—rich black silk with green, blue, and magenta satin stripes; violet and brown silks, with embossed stripes, etc.; such is the fashion, and that is all that can be said of them. For short figures these wide stripes are most inappropriate, and then not one dress-maker in a dozen can manage to make up a bodice with these broad lines so as to have a pleasing effect.

The latest London papers give quite a novelty in the way of an outside wrap. It is stated that scarlet waterproof cloaks were likely to supersede the various shades of gray and brown coverings which have so long been worn on wet days and during unpropitious weather. These novelties appear likely "to take." They promise to be bright and cheerful-looking on dull days; and when snow lies on the ground, and all around us is white and the air is frosty, scarlet garments are particularly attractive, whether for driving, riding, or walking. They are very suggestive of warmth, and are consequently pleasant, comfortable objects to look upon. And then who that ranks among the fair sex does not like novelties and change? and these scarlet water-proof cloaks are decidedly new. Besides scarlet there are several other novelties in dark and light-colored water-proof cloths—such as speckled violet, and blue and mauve; but these will not prove so useful as the grays, browns, and scarlet, for the reason that they can not be worn with every dress. Some of the light cloths are extremely soft and delicate in effect, but they can only be worn over dresses which match in color, or prove a decided contrast from them.

The Empress Eugénie has been wearing this style of toilet during the past week at Biarritz—a black silk dress, with a box-pleated flounce round the edge of the skirt; a white alpaca senorita jacket slightly embroidered with black; a white alpaca circular cape likewise embroidered; a black chip hat, with a wreath of delicate white flowers, and a long white gauze veil, caught up at the left side, and floating over the left shoulder. The shape of the hat is the same which her Majesty has worn all the summer, and during her Swiss tour—oblong and pointed both at the back and front. The alpaca cloak had all the effect of soft white silk, so fine was its texture.

Some of our readers may be interested in an account which the English papers give of a novel "Ladies' Race," which took place at Llandudno, a short time since. Llandudno is a parish in South Wales, situated on the Irish Sea. Mr. Huiley, of Liverpool, who has for a long time occupied himself in the improvement of the English style of bathing, has spent the last few months at Llandudno, and availing himself of the adoption by many of the fair visitors of that watering-place of the Zouaveraine dress, has taught upward of 200 ladies to swim. On the occasion referred to Mr. Huiley offered a prize to the best lady swimmer in a fifty yards' race. The result was a very spirited competition, in which eight young ladies took part. The swimming was excellent, and the speed remarkably good. The prize was won by the daughter of an eminent London banker, aged only eight years. The match took place very early in the day, in order that any excitement on the subject might be avoided; but the incident is a remarkable proof of the interest taken in swimming among ladies of the present time, and of the ease with which proficiency may be gained, for all the competitors in the race had but recently acquired the accomplishment.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* has a sensible article on the comparative cost of living in England and on the Continent, from which we might take a hint. It asserts that the English spend a large portion of their income in stylish living, which affords them no real pleasure, but is indulged in solely to produce an effect in the eyes of others. Speaking of their Continental neighbors, the *Gazette* says:

"Their hospitality is far simpler, more comfortable, less costly than ours. They see their friends oftener, easier, more cheaply, and more pleasantly than we do. They do not—at least, only recently, and in certain spoiled localities—waste large sums of money in ponderous dinners, under which our tables groan and our stomachs suffer, and of which the wastefulness is only equaled by the dullness. They spend on what they like, or what they want; not like us, on what we merely fancy our neighbors will be impertinent enough to think we ought to have or to do. When they meet in the evening, they meet for conversation and friendly intercourse, not to devour each other's luxuries or to criticise each other's costumes. When they assemble at their country houses each lady does not think it incumbent upon her to take down three fresh dresses for each day of her sojourn."

Paris is extravagant and showy enough in point of dress, but in some respects is far more economical than London. The *Gazette* earnestly asks:

"When shall we cease all this costly and ruinous folly, and recur to simpler modes of life? When shall we have manhood enough to eat, and drink, and dress, and live according to our own standard of what is agreeable and enjoyable, and not according to a 'regulation' pattern imposed upon us by a sort of social tyranny, of all others the most degrading, because it is dictated by the foolish and the extravagant, and succumbed to out of pure vanity, feebleness, and cowardice."

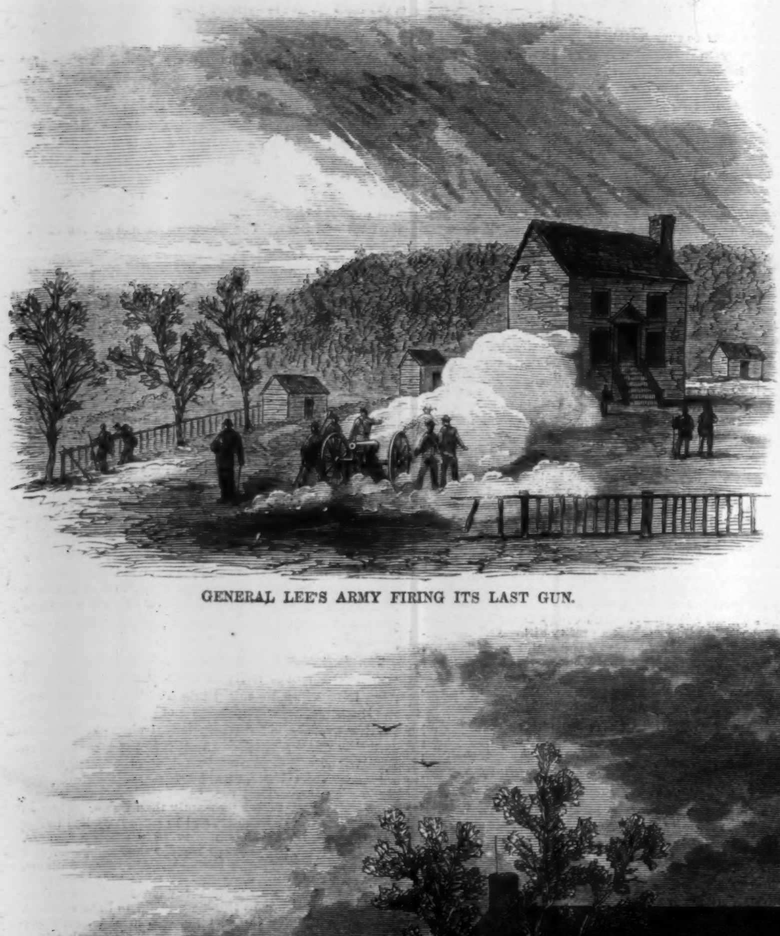
The approach of the cholera is exciting a good deal of alarm in Europe:

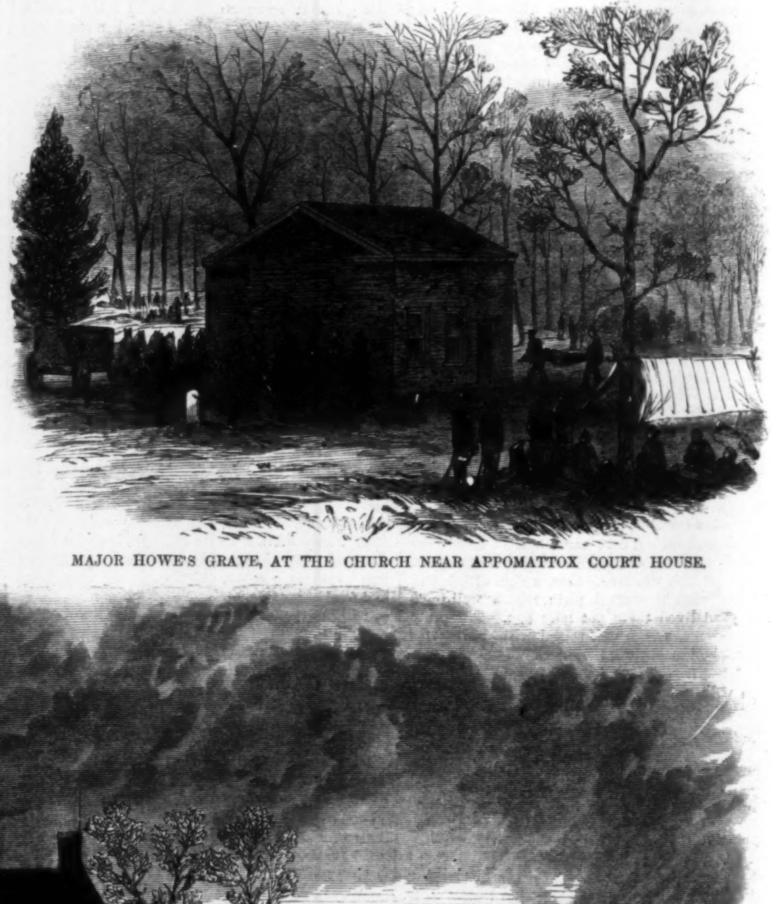
"A noble lady, living in a château near Aix, which is walled round, has taken measures to prevent the cholera seizing her. The gates have loop-holes, and armed peasants, sharing the terrors of their mistress, keep a constant guard. Letters directed to her manor-house are picked up with a pair of tongs and fumigated. Near the gate is a pavilion where relations and friends pass quarantine and are fumigated."

While the strictest attention to cleanliness and ventilation, and the careful avoidance of overfatigue and improper diet, are all important when any epidemic is prevalent, it is a well-known fact that *fear* often, as it were, invites the approach of disease. It seems as though the undue indulgence of the feeling of terror unfitted the system to resist those unhealthy influences to which in such times one is exposed. The mind has a wonderful influence on the body.

SURRENDER OF GEN. LEE'S ARMY, April 9, 1865.—From Sketches by Col. Battersby of the 1st New York Cavalry.—[See Page 698.]

FRONT VIEW OF Mr. W. M'LEAN'S HOUSE, AT APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE, VIRGINIA, IN WHICH GENERAL LEE SIGNED THE TERMS OF SURRENDER, April 9, 1865.


GENERAL LEE'S ARMY FIRING ITS LAST GUN.


MAJOR HOWE'S GRAVE, AT THE CHURCH NEAR APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE.

REAR VIEW OF Mr. W. M'LEAN'S HOUSE, APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE, VIRGINIA.

THE REBEL ARMY AS IT LAY ON CONNER'S FARM, AT APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE, VIRGINIA, AT THE MOMENT GENERAL LEE ANNOUNCED THE TERMS OF SURRENDER, April 9, 1865.—Sketched by Col. Battersby.—[See Page 698.]

SURRENDER OF LEE'S ARMY.

WE give on pages 696 and 697 several illustrations of the most interesting event of the war—General LEE'S Surrender at Appomattox Court House, April 9, 1865. The artist, Colonel BATTERSBY, of the First New York Cavalry, gives the following description of the leading events illustrated:

On the 8th of April LEE was pressed sorely to the wall, and his approaching doom was known as well to one army as the other.

A short time before sunset, as the third brigade of CUSTER'S Division moved up toward Appomattox Station, still dashing into the enemy's left flank, LEE had concentrated all the artillery he could spare at Appomattox Station, and when the advance cavalry reached the Station, in his customary style and mode of warfare, LEE opened his batteries and gave us a most terrific shower of grape and canister, round shot and shell, which reception contributed largely to the casualties of that eventful day. In less than fifteen minutes eighty-five cannon shots were fired at the advance; but even this did not check the onward pressure of General CUSTER and his faithful division.

General SHERIDAN rode on to the Station, and just after sunset returned to direct operations in the rear, where there was a hot fire kept up to check the advance of our rear squadrons, which were pressing on the left flank of the enemy.

About half a mile from the Station, and on the left hand side of the road leading to it, there is a church. This building was immediately converted into a hospital, and long before dark there was gathering in and around it no small force of wounded and dying of both sides and colors. The third brigade, which was composed of the First, Second, and Third West Virginia and First New York Lincoln Cavalry regiments, and had been in the advance at Dinwiddie Court House, Sailor's Creek, and Five Forks, was in the advance on this occasion. A squadron of the First West Virginia Cavalry, under Major HOWE of that regiment, was pressed forward to the Station just before dark, and in a charge the gallant HOWE fell, shot through the body, and was carried by some of his faithful men to the church, where he shortly afterward expired. Next morning he was buried, rolled up in his cloak, without formality, in rear of the church, as represented in the sketch.

In the death of HOWE his regiment lost a most valuable officer, and a man beloved and respected by all who knew him. Major HOWE was the last of a noble family of five robust men, all the others having previously died in the war.

The scenes at the Station and in its vicinity are indescribable. What if the scene were painted ever so faithfully, where is the fiery heat, the crackling of the burning mass, the heated and sweaty brow and excited nerves of the hard-working victor, who is rushing the fearless enemy to desperation for victory or death; the struggling of dying mules and horses plunging in their traces and unable to rise; the strife and struggle between tenacious life and the tyrant death; the panting, quick and tremulous, and short and rapid breathing of the dying animals all around, as the sweat of death runs off? No description can give an idea of these dreadful occasions, when all the senses and even the very nerves are strained to feel and contemplate the dreadful reality.

There was a long train of cars bound for Danville and filled with the most heterogeneous mass of matter that ever got stowed away in any train. The advanced squadrons headed off the train just at the station, while the squadrons coming up attacked the rear, setting fire to the engine (which was in rear), and the rear cars shooting down the mules and horses in the wagon-train and cutting every thing loose, and making general havoc of all that portion of what was brought to a stand from a wild and headlong retreat.

When the wagon-train was attacked the drivers ran away or were shot, the four leading mules of the teams swung around on the wheel mules, and in this position they were shot and tumbled one on top of the others, kicking and tying themselves up in the harness like so many lions in a net. Thus they lay, some dead and some dying, while streams of blood ran over the ground; and to render the scene still more horrible, the wagons with their contents were fired, and in a short time some of these poor animals were literally roasted alive. The taking of a well-defended field-battery was nothing to it—the fire completed the horrors.

During the evening of the 8th General SHERIDAN'S head-quarter wagon, drawn by four splendid black horses, drove by the church hospital, and the General's entire cavalry corps was in position and under arms all along the enemy's left flank. A short fight took place on the morning of the 9th, but it was only to gain a certain position to make our line around the enemy complete.

Through the night and early morning the infantry kept pouring up to the front by brigades. They were welcome, for the cavalry that had kept back the enemy was completely dragged out. One hundred dismounted men, with Spencer carbines, thrown out to the front as skirmishers, is a battery in itself. The line is long and thin—artillery can't break it, and each man has some sixty or more cartridges. The carbine, when loaded, contains seven cartridges, which can be fired off as rapidly as a man can draw the trigger.

The rebels were driven pell-mell through the town of Appomattox. But however willing the spirit may be the flesh is weak, and the poor dragged-out cavalry horse is spared the burden by his humane rider. In the streets and all along the road lay scattered cartridge-boxes, bayonets, ramrods, belts, coats, bent gun barrels, broken musket stocks, and in fact every thing that a soldier had to fight with or throw away.

For ages to come our posterity will take no small degree of interest in this little, obscure village of Appomattox. On entering the town from the station, which is about three miles off, the first house on the left is a comfortable and well-built double brick house, with a small green lawn in front. It is the residence of Mr. WILMER M'LEAN, who in the summer of 1861 lived at Bull Run and owned the farm on which the first and famous Bull Run battle was fought, and in consequence of the disturbed state of the country and the annoyances to which he was subjected he abandoned his place and took refuge in the distant town of Appomattox and the famous house represented on page 6.6. He purchased some land and settled quietly down, as he thought, beyond the tide of war and out of the reach of the wandering hordes of Federal cavalry, that, like the locusts of Egypt, swept and devoured every thing before them. But fate followed him; for on the 8th of April, four years after he left the Bull Run farm, the Southern army was surrounded at Appomattox, and the last battle as well as the first was fought on his farm.

Mr. M'LEAN is about fifty years of age, and a courteous gentleman, and although no doubt proud of having his house made so humane and honorable a use of as Generals GRANT and LEE made of it, he was not a little annoyed at being forced to sell the chairs and table used by GRANT and LEE on this ever-memorable and august occasion.

The sketches of Mr. M'LEAN'S house, taken on the spot, and while GRANT and LEE were inside, represent the left front and right rear views of the establishment. As the surrender took place early in the season there is no foliage represented on the locust-trees that surround the house, but the apple and peach trees were in full blossom.

A group of Southern officers is represented in an apple orchard on the right of the house, waiting to accompany General LEE to his camp. General LONGSTREET is represented on the extreme right of the group from the front view.

The court-house is in the centre of the town. At the farther end of the town from the station is the house of a Mr. PEARS. This house is situated close by the road leading to where the Southern army was drawn up during the negotiations, and occupies the highest position in town. It was in the yard of this house that the enemy put his last gun in position. It was a 32-pound howitzer, and when Mr. PEARS saw the danger he was in, he took his family to a wood in rear of the house, and there remained until the Federal cavalry advanced and forced the withdrawal of the gun.

This was the gun that fired the last shot, on this occasion, at the Federal army. In their haste to get the gun out of danger the gunners left their ramrod behind them, and this same ramrod that rammed home the last shot that was fired by LEE'S army is now in my possession.

The large engraving on page 697 represents the position of the rebel army as General LEE rode back from Appomattox to announce the news of the surrender. The figures in the fore-ground are those of Union officers and soldiers holding an advanced position in the enemy's front. Between the two armies, though not visible in our illustration, flows the Appomattox River.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS,
Author of "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c.

CHAPTER LXIII.

MR. FORSYTH.

MR. TREFALDEN was, undeniably, a very gentlemanly man. His manners were courteous; his exterior was prepossessing; and there was an air of self-possessed quiet about all that he said and did which made his society very agreeable. He talked well about what he had read and seen; and if even his knowledge of things lying beyond the radius of his own profession was somewhat superficial, he knew, at all events, how to turn it to the best account. At the same time there was nothing of the brilliant raconteur about him. He never talked in epigrams, nor indulged in flashes of sarcasm, nor condescended to make puns, like many men whose abilities were inferior to his own; but there was, nevertheless, a vein of subdued pleasantry running through his conversation which, although it was not wit, resembled wit very closely.

Most people liked him; and it was a noticeable fact that, amidst the wide circle of his business acquaintances, the best bred people were those whose disposition toward him was the most friendly. Lord Castletowers thought very highly of him. Viscount Esher, whose legal affairs he had transacted for the last ten years, was accustomed to speak of him in terms which were particularly flattering upon the lips of that stately gentleman of the old school. The Duke of Doncaster, the Earl of Ipswich, and other noblemen of equal standing, looked upon him a quite a model attorney. Even Lady Castletowers approved of William Trefalden to a degree that was almost cordial, and made a point of receiving him very graciously whenever he went down into Surrey.

By mere men of business—such men, for instance, as Laurence Greatorex—he was less favorably regarded. They could not appreciate his manner. So far, indeed, from appreciating it, his manner was precisely the one thing they most of all disliked and mistrusted. They could never read his thoughts nor guess at his cards, nor gain the smallest insight into his opinions and character. They acknowledged that he was clever; but qualified the admission by adding that he was "too clever by half." In short, William Trefalden's popularity lay, for the most part, to the west of Temple Bar.

Gifted, then, with a manner which was in itself a passport to good society, it was not surprising that the lawyer made a favorable impression upon the ladies in Brudenell Terrace. It suited him to call himself by some name not his own, and he chose that of Forsyth; so they knew him as Mr. Forsyth, and that was all. Resolved, however, to win their confidence, he spared no pains, and hesitated before no means whereby to attain his object. He traded unscrupulously on their love for the husband and father whom they had lost; and, skillfully following up his first lead, he made more way in their regard by professing to have known Edgar Rivière in the days of his youth than by lavishing Saxon's hundreds on the worthless pictures which had served to open to him the doors of their home.

And this admirable idea had been wholly unpremeditated. It came to him like a flash of inspiration; and as an inspiration he welcomed it, acted upon it, developed it with the tact of a master. Careful not to overact the part, he spoke of the painter as of one whom he would have desired to know more intimately had he continued to reside in England, whose character interested him, and whose early gifts had awakened his admiration. He evinced an eager but respectful desire to glean every detail of his after-career. He bought up the whole dreary stock of nymphs and dryads with assiduous liberality, carrying away one or more on the occasion of every visit. Nothing was too large, too small, or too sketchy for him.

An acquaintance conducted in this fashion was not difficult of cultivation. The munificent and courteous patron soon glided into the sympathetic adviser and friend. Frequent calls, prolonged conversations, unobtrusive attentions, produced their inevitable effect; and before many weeks had gone by the widow and orphan believed in William Trefalden as if he were an oracle. Their gratitude was as unbounded as their faith. Strange to English life, ignorant of the world, poor and in trouble, they stood terribly in need of a friend; and, having found one, accepted his opinions and followed his advice implicitly. Thus it came to pass that the lawyer established himself upon precisely that footing which was most favorable to his designs, and became not only the confidant of all their plans, but the skillful arbiter of all their actions. Thus, also, it came to pass that at the very time when Saxon Trefalden believed them to be already dwelling upon the shores of the Mediterranean, Mrs. and Miss Rivière were still in England, and temporarily settled in very pleasant apartments in the neighborhood of Sydenham.

Hither their devoted friend came frequently to call upon them; and it so happened that he paid them a visit on the evening of the very day that Saxon set sail for Sicily.

He went down to Sydenham in an extremely pleasant frame of mind. Ignorant of their sudden change of plans, he still believed that his cousin and the Earl were on their way to Norway; and it was a belief from which he derived considerable satisfaction. It fell in charmingly with his present arrangements; and those arrangements were now so carefully matured, and so thoroughly en train, that it seemed impossible they should fail of success in any particular. Perhaps, had he known how the little *Albula* was even then gliding before the wind in the direction of the Channel Islands, instead of tacking painfully about in the straits of Dover, Mr. Trefalden would scarcely have arrived at Mrs. Rivière's apartments in so complacent a mood.

It was delightful to be welcomed as he was welcomed. It was delightful to see the book and the embroidery laid aside as he came in—to meet such looks of confidence and gladness—to be listened to when he spoke, as if all his words were wisdom—to sit by the open window, breathing the perfume of the flowers, listening to Helen's gentle voice, and dreaming delicious dreams of days to come. For William Trefalden was more than ever in love—more than ever resolved to compass the future that he had set before him.

"We thought we should see you this evening, Mr. Forsyth," said Mrs. Rivière, when the first greetings had been exchanged. "We were saying so but a few moments before you came to the gate."

"A Londoner is glad to escape from the smoke of the town on such a delicious evening," replied Mr. Trefalden, "even though it be at the risk of intruding too often upon his suburban friends."

"Can the only friend we have in England come too often?"

"Much as I may wish it to be so, I fear the case is not quite an impossible one."

"Mamma has been out to-day in a Bath-chair, Mr. Forsyth," said Helen. "Do you not think she is looking better?"

"I am quite sure of it," replied the lawyer.

"I feel better," said the invalid. "I feel that I gain strength daily."

"That is well."

"And Dr. Fisher says that I am improving."

"I attach more value, my dear madam, to your own testimony on that point than to the opinion of any physician, however skillful," observed Mr. Trefalden.

"I have great faith in Doctor Fisher," said Mrs. Rivière.

"And I have great faith in this pure Sydenham air. I can not tell you how rejoiced I am that you consented to remove from Camberwell."

Mrs. Rivière sighed.

"Do you not think I might soon go back to Italy?" she asked.

"It is the very subject which I have chiefly come down this evening to discuss," replied the lawyer.

The lady's pale face lighted up at this reply.

"I am so anxious to go," she said, eagerly; "I feel as if there were life for me in Italy."

"The question is, my dear madam, whether you are strong enough to encounter the fatigue of so long a journey."

"I am sure that mamma is not nearly strong enough," said Miss Rivière, quickly.

"I might travel slowly."

"To travel slowly is not enough," said Mr. Trefalden. "You should travel without anxiety—I mean, you should be accompanied by some person who could make all the rough places smooth and all the crooked paths straight for you throughout the journey."

"I should be unwilling to incur the expense of employing a courier if I could possibly avoid it," said Mrs. Rivière.

"No doubt: for a courier is not only a costly but a very anomalous and disagreeable encumbrance. He is both your servant and your master. Might it not, however, be possible for you to join a party traveling toward the same point?"

"You forget that we know no one in this country."

"Nay, those things are frequently arranged even with strangers."

"Besides, who would care to be burdened with two helpless women? No stranger would accept the responsibility."

Mr. Trefalden paused a moment before replying.

"Given an equally suitable climate," he said, "I presume you are not absolutely wedded to Italy as a place of residence?"

"I love it better than any other country in the world."

"Yet I think I have heard you say that you are not acquainted with the southern coast?"

"True; we always lived in Florence."

"Then neither Mentone nor Nice would possess any charm of association for you?"

"Only the association of language and climate."

"And of these two conditions, that of climate can alone be pronounced essential; but I should say that you might make a more favorable choice than either. Has it never occurred to you that the air of Egypt or Madeira might be worth a trial, if only for one winter?"

"Mamma has been advised to try both," said Miss Rivière.

"But I prefer Italy," said the invalid. "The happiest years of my life were spent under an Italian sky."

"Pardon me; but should you, my dear madam, allow yourself to be influenced by preference in such a case as this?" asked Mr. Trefalden, very deferentially.

"I can offer a better reason, then—poverty. It is possible to live in Italy for very, very little, when one knows the people and the country so well as we know them; but I could not afford to live in Madeira or Egypt."

"The journey to Madeira is easy, and not very expensive," said Mr. Trefalden.

Mrs. Rivière shook her head.

"I should not dare to undertake it," she replied.

"Not with a careful escort?"

"Nay, if even that were my only difficulty, where should I find one?"

"In myself."

The mother and daughter looked up with surprise.

"In you, Mr. Forsyth?" they exclaimed, simultaneously.

Mr. Trefalden smiled.

"You need not let that astonish you," he said; "it is my intention to spend all my future winters abroad, and I am greatly tempted by much that I have heard and read lately about Madeira. I am a free man, however, and if Mrs. Rivière preferred to venture upon Egypt, I would quite willingly exchange Funchel for the Nile."

"This is too much goodness."

"And, if you will not think that I take an unwarrantable liberty in saying so, I may add that the question of expense must not be allowed to enter into your calculations."

"But—"

"One moment, my dear madam," interrupted the lawyer. "Pray do not suppose that I am presuming to offer you pecuniary assistance. Nothing of the kind. I am simply offering to advance you whatever sums you may require upon the remainder of Mr. Rivière's paintings and sketches; or, if you prefer it, I will at once purchase them from you."

"In order that I may have the means of going to Madeira?" said Mrs. Rivière, coloring painfully. "No, my kind friend; I begin to understand you now. It can not be."

"I fear you are beginning only to misunderstand me," replied Mr. Trefalden, with grave earnestness. "If you were even right—if I were only endeavoring to assist the widow of one whose memory and genius I deeply revere, I do not think you ought to feel wounded by the motive; but I give you my word of honor that such is not my prevailing reason."

"Do you mean that you really wish to possess—"

"Every picture from which you are willing to part."

"But you would then have from twenty-five to thirty paintings from the same brush—many of them quite large subjects?"

"So much the better."

"Yet, it seems inconceivable that—"

"That I should desire to make a Rivière collection? Such, nevertheless, is my ambition."

"Then you must have a spacious gallery?"

Mr. Trefalden shook his head.

"I have no gallery," he said, "at present. Some day, perhaps, if I ever fulfill a long-cherished dream, I may settle abroad, and build a house and gallery in some beautiful spot; but that is only a project, and the destinies of projects are uncertain."

He glanced at Miss Rivière as he said this, and seemed to suppress a sigh. She was looking away at the moment; but her mother saw the glance, and Mr. Trefalden intended that she should see it.

"In the mean while," he added, after a pause, "I am not sure that I shall be so selfish as to hoard these pictures. The world has never yet recognized Edgar Rivière; and it would be only an act of justice on my part if I were to do something which should at once secure to his works their proper position in the history of English art."

"What can you do? What do you mean?" faltered Mrs. Rivière.

"I scarcely know yet. I thought at one time that it would be well to exhibit them in some good room; but that plan might have its disadvantages. The most direct course would be, I suppose, to present them to the nation."

The mother and daughter looked at each other in speechless emotion. Their eyes were full of tears, and their hearts of gratitude and wonder.

"But, in any case," continued Mr. Trefalden, "the pictures need cleaning and framing. Nothing could be done with them before next year, and they must be mine before even that amount of progress can be made."

"They are yours from this moment, most generous friend and benefactor," sobbed the widow. "Oh, that he could have lived to see this day!"

But Mr. Trefalden would not suffer the ladies to express their thanks. He was proud to be regarded by them as a friend, and still more proud to be the humble instrument by means of which a great name might be rescued from undeserved obscurity; but he protested against being styled their benefactor. He then adverted, with much delicacy, to the question of price, stated that he should at once pay in a certain sum at a certain bank to Mrs. Rivière's credit; touched again upon the subject of Madeira; and, having of course carried his point, rose, by-and-by, to take his leave.

"Then, my dear madam, I am to have the honor of escorting you to Funchal in the course of some three or four weeks from the present time?" he said, at parting.

"If Mr. Forsyth will consent to be so burdened."

"I think myself very happy in being permitted to accompany you," replied Mr. Trefalden; "and if I have named too early a date—"

"Nay, a day hence would scarcely be too soon for me," said Mrs. Rivière. "My heart aches for the sunny south."

To which the lawyer replied by a courteous assurance that his own arrangements should be hastened as much as possible, and took his departure.

"Mr. Forsyth has quite what our aunt, old Lady Glastonbury, used to call the 'grand air,'" said Mrs. Rivière, as Mr. Trefalden took off his hat to them at the gate. "And he is handsome."

"I do not think him handsome," replied her daughter; "but he is the most liberal of men."

"Munificently liberal. He must be very rich too; and I am sure he is very good. Let me see; there was a Forsyth, I think, who married a daughter of Lord Ingleborough in the same year that Alethea became Lady Castletowers. I should like to ask whether he belongs to that family."

"Nay, darling, why put the question? Our Mr. Forsyth may come of some humbler stock, and then—"

"You are right, Helen; and he can afford to dispense with mere nobility. Do you know, my child, I have sometimes thought of late—"

"What have you thought, my own dear mother?"

"That he—that Mr. Forsyth is inclined to admire my little Helen very much."

The young girl drew back suddenly, and the smile vanished from her lips.

"Oh, mamma," she said, "I hope not."

"Why so, my child? Mr. Forsyth is rich, kind, good, and a gentleman. His wife would be a very happy woman."

"But I do not love him."

"Of course you do not love him. We do not even know whether he loves you; but the time may come—"

"Heaven forbid it!" said Miss Rivière, in a low voice.

"And I say, Heaven grant it," rejoined her mother, earnestly. "I would die to-morrow, thankfully, if I but knew that my child would not be left alone in the wide world when I was gone."

The girl flung her arms passionately round her mother's neck and burst into tears.

"Hush, hush!" she cried; "not a word of death, my darling. You must live for me. Oh, how glad—how glad I am that you are going to Madeira!"

The invalid shook her head and leaned back wearily.

"Ah," she sighed again, "I had rather have gone to Italy."

CHAPTER LXIV.

THE BARRICADE IN THE VIA LOMBARDI.

DISAGREEABLY conscious of being roused, as it were, against his will from something heavier than sleep, of a painful struggle for breath, and of a sudden deluge of cold water, Saxon opened his eyes, and found Lord Castletowers leaning over him.

"Where am I?" he asked, staring round in a bewildered way. "What is the matter with me?"

"Nothing, I hope, my dear fellow," replied his friend. "Five minutes ago I pulled you out from under a man and a horse, and made certain you were dead; but since then, having fetched a little water and brought you round, and being, moreover, unable to find any holes in your armor, I am inclined to hope that no damage has been done. Do you think you can get up?"

Saxon took the Earl's hand and rose without much difficulty. His head ached, and he felt dizzy; but that was all.

"I suppose I have been stunned," he said, looking round at the empty battery. "Is the battle won and over?"

The guns were gone, and the ground was plowed with their heavy wheel-tracks. Dark pools of blood and heaps of slain showed where the struggle had been fiercest; and close against Saxon's feet lay the bodies of a cuirassier and two Neapolitan gunners. At the sight of these last he shuddered and turned away, for he knew that they had all three been shot by his own hand.

"Why, no; the battle is not over," replied the Earl; "neither can I say that it is won; but it is more than half won. We have taken the guns, and the Neapolitans have retreated into the town; and now a halt has been sounded, and the men are taking a couple of hours' rest. The bridge over the Nocito, and all the open country up to the very gates of Melazzo, are ours."

"There has been sharp fighting here," said Saxon.

"The sharpest we have seen to-day," replied the Earl. "Their cavalry retook the guns, and drove Dunn's men out of the battery; but our fellows divided on each side of the road, received them between two fires, and when they tried to charge back again, barred the road and shot the leaders down. It was splendidly done; but Garibaldi was in imminent danger for a few moments, and, I believe, shot one trooper with his own hand. After that the Neapolitans broke through and escaped, leaving the guns and battery in our hands."

"And you saw it all?"

"All. I was among those who barred the road, and was close behind Garibaldi the whole time. And now, as you seem to be tolerably steady on your legs again, I propose that we go down to some more sheltered place, and get something to eat. This Sicilian noonday sun is fierce enough to melt the brains in one's skull; and fighting makes men hungry."

Some large wood-stores and barns had been broken open for the accommodation of the troops, and thither the friends repaired for rest and refreshment. Lying in the shelter of a shed beside the Nocito, they ate their luncheon of bread and fruit, smoked their cigarettes, and listened to the pleasant sound of the torrent hurrying to the sea. All around and about, in the shade of every bush and the shelter of every shed, lay the tired soldiers—a motley, dusty, war-stained throng, some eating, some sleeping, some smoking, some bathing their hot feet in the running stream, some, with genuine Italian thoughtlessness, playing at mora as they lay side by side on the green sward, gesticulating as eagerly and laughing as gayly as though the reign of battle and bloodshed had passed away from the earth. Now and then a wounded man was carried past on a temporary litter; now and then a Neapolitan prisoner was brought in; now and then a harmless gun was fired from the fortress. Thus the hot noon went by, and for two brief hours peace prevailed.

"Poor Vaughan!" said the Earl, now hearing of his death for the first time. "He had surely some presentiment upon his mind this morning. What has become of the horse?"

Saxon explained that he had sent it to the rear, with orders that it should be conveyed back to Meri, and carefully attended to."

"I do not forget," he added, "that we are the repositories of his will, and that Gulnare is now a legacy. I think it will be wise to send her to Palermo for the present, to the care of Signor Colonna."

"Undoubtedly. Do you know, Trefalden, I have more than suspected at times that—that he loved Miss Colonna."

"I should not wonder if he did," replied Saxon, gloomily.

"Well, he died a soldier's death, and to-morrow, if I live, I will see that he has a soldier's burial. A braver fellow never entered the service."

And now, the allotted time having expired, the troops were again assembled, and the columns formed for action. Garibaldi went on board the *Tuckori*, a Neapolitan steam-frigate that had gone over to him with men, arms, and ammunition complete, at an early stage of the war, and was now lying off Melazzo in the bay to the west of the promontory. Hence, with no other object than to divert the attention of the garrison, he directed a rapid fire on the fortress, while his army advanced in three divisions to the assault of the town.

Medici took the westward beach; Cosenz the road to the Messina gate; and Malenchini the Porta di Palermo. This time, Saxon and Castletowers marched with the Cacciatori under General Cosenz.

By two o'clock they found themselves under the walls of Melazzo. The garrison had by this time become aware of the advancing columns. First one shell, then another, then half a dozen together, came soaring like meteors over the heads of the besiegers, who only rushed up the more eagerly to the assault, and battered the more desperately against the gate. A shot or two from an old twelve-pounder brought it down presently with a crash; the Garibaldians poured through; and, in the course of a few seconds, almost without knowing how they came there, Saxon and Castletowers found themselves inside the walls, face to face with a battalion of Neapolitan infantry.

Both bodies fired. The Neapolitans, having delivered their volley, retreated up the street. The Garibaldians followed. Presently the Neapolitans turned, fired again, and again retreated. They repeated this manœuvre several times, the Garibaldians always firing and following, till they came to the market-place, in the centre of the town. Here they found Colonel Dunn's regiment in occupation of one side of the quadrangle, and a considerable body of Neapolitan troops on the other. The air was full of smoke, and the ground scattered over with groups of killed and wounded. As the smoke cleared they could see the Neapolitans on the one hand, steadily loading and aiming—on the other, Dunn's men running tumultuously to and fro, keeping up a rapid but irregular fire.

No sooner, however, had the new-comers emerged upon the scene, than a mounted officer came galloping toward them through the thick of the fire.

"Send round a detachment to the Via Lombardi," he said, hurriedly. "They have thrown up a barricade there, which *must* be taken!"

The mention of a barricade was enough for Saxon and Castletowers. Leaving the combatants in the market-place to fight the fight out for themselves, they started with the detachment, and made their way round by a labyrinth of deserted by-streets at the back of the piazza.

A shot was presently fired down upon them from a neighboring roof—they advanced at a run—turned the angle of the next street—were greeted with three simultaneous volleys from right, left, and centre, and found themselves in the teeth of the barricade. It was a mere pile of carts, paving-stones, and miscellaneous rubbish, about eight feet in height; but, being manned with trained riflemen, and protected by the houses on each side, every window of which bristled with gun-barrels, it proved more formidable than it looked.

The detachment, which consisted mainly of Palermitan recruits, fell back in disorder, returning only a confused and feeble fire, and leaving some four or five of their number on the ground.

"Avanti!" cried the officer in command.

But not a man stirred.

At that instant the Neapolitans poured in another destructive volley, whereupon the front ranks fairly turned, and tried to escape to the rear.

"Poltroni!" shouted their captain, striking right and left with the flat of his sword, and running along the lines like a madman.

At the same moment Castletowers knocked down one defaulter with the butt-end of his rifle, while Saxon seized another by the collar, dragged him back to the front, drew his revolver from his belt with one hand, and with the other carried the man bodily up against the barricade.

It was a simple act of strength and daring, but it turned the tide as nothing else could have done. Impulsive as savages, and transported in a moment from one extreme of feeling to another, the Sicilians burst into a storm of vivas, and flung themselves at the barricade like tigers.

The Neapolitans might pour in their deadly fire now from housetop and window, might intrench themselves behind a hedge of bayonets, might thrust the dead back upon the living, and defend every inch of their position as desperately as they pleased, but nothing could daunt the courage of their assailants. The men who were running away but a moment before were now rushing recklessly upon death. Shot down by scores, they yet pressed on, clambering over the bodies of their fallen comrades, shouting "Viva Garibaldi!" under the muzzles of the Neapolitan rifles, and seizing the very bayonets that were pointed against them.

The struggle was short and bloody. It had lasted scarcely three minutes when the Palermitans poured over in one irresistible wave, and the Neapolitans fled precipitately into the piazza beyond.

The victors at once planted a tricolor on the summit of the barricade, manned it with some thirty of their own best riflemen, and proceeded to dislodge such of the enemy as yet retained possession of the houses on either side.

In the mean while the Garibaldian officer ran up to Saxon with open arms, and thanked him enthusiastically.

"Gallant Inglese!" he said, "but for you our flag would not be flying here at this moment."

To whom Saxon, pale as death and pointing down to the pile of fallen men at the foot of the barricade, replied,

"Signor Capitano, I miss my friend. For God's sake grant me the assistance of a couple of your soldiers to search for his body!"

It was a ghastly task.

The Neapolitans had escaped as soon as they found their position untenable; but the loss of the attacking party was very great. Most of the men immediately under the barricade had been cruelly bayonetted. The dead wore a terrible expression of agony on their colorless faces; but many yet breathed, and those who were conscious pleaded piteously to be put out of their sufferings. One by one the dead were flung aside, and the wounded carried down to the shade of the houses. One by one Saxon Trefalden looked into each man's face, helping tenderly to carry the wounded, and reverently to dispose the limbs of the dead, and watching every moment for the finding of his friend.

At length the last poor corpse was lifted—the search completed—the frightful bead-roll told over. Thirty-two were dead, five dying, eleven wounded; but among all these the Earl of Castletowers had no place. Saxon could scarcely believe it. Again and again he went the round of dead and dying; and at last, with blood-stained hands and clothes, and anxious heart, sat down at the foot of the barricade, and asked himself what he should do next.

THE RAIN.

A WONDERFUL thing is the rain!
A charmer whose magic never is vain.
It says to the buried flowers, Come forth!
It wakes into beauty the sad old earth;
To the violets hidden, Arise, it saith,
And life awakes in the heart of death.
Gladness and beauty are in its train.
Oh a wonderful thing is the April rain!

A wonderful thing is the rain!
Earth never tires of its sweet refrain.
The songs of the ages pass away,
And the world is weary and worn to-day.
Vainly have poets dreamed and sung,
But the world of Nature is ever young;
Earth still rejoices in sun and dew,
And the song of the rain is forever new.

A wonderful thing is the rain!
Earth's sweetest harmonies meet in its train;
The soother of sorrow, the case of strife,
Weaving its rhythm in every life.
Through sleepless nights, with its silver chime,
Winging the weary wheels of time.
Oh wonderful singer! in grief or glee
Who can speak to the heart like thee?

A wonderful thing is the rain!
Linked to the spirit's joy or pain,
Joyous and hopeful, or sad and low,
All as the heart's deep fountains flow.
But deeper and stronger the spell that flings
Its light or shadow on earthly things—
There is the alchemist's mystic art,
A wonderful thing is the *human heart!*

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

OUR MARKET REPORTS.

BUTTER is firmer than it was last month.

STOCKS are about the same as at last quotations. Darker colors are used than in the summer season. Ministers still wear white

GLOVES.—The market shows an increased supply, and many buyers have their last purchases still on their hands.

BALLOONS have gone up a good deal—near Central Park.

RAIN.—The supply has not been large, but has shown a tendency to fall.

THERMOMETERS are tending downward.

"What do you take for your cold?" said a lady to a sufferer. "Four pocket-handkerchiefs a day, madam," was the prompt reply.

A barrister having wearied the court by a long and dull argument, the judge suggested the expediency of his bringing it to a close. "I shall speak as long as I please," he replied, angrily. "You have spoken longer than you please already," replied the judge.

With a little house well filled, a little land well tilled, a little wife well willed, a husband well skilled, and servants well drilled—a little time may be well killed.

THE FINNISH OF FENIANISM.—A patriotic party has sprung up in Finland, advocating national independence. These repealers style themselves Fenomen. The similarity of this name to the Irish Fenians is a curious Fenomenon.

EPITAPH ON DR. JOHNSON.

Here lies poor Johnson: Reader, have a care,
Tread lightly, lest you rouse a sleeping bear.
Religious, moral, generous, and humane
He was, but self-conceited, rude, and vain.
Ill-bred and overbearing in dispute,
A scholar and a Christian, yet a brute.
Would you know all his wisdom and his folly,
His actions, sayings, mirth, and melancholy?
Boswell and Thrale, retailers of his wit,
Will tell you how he wrote, and talk'd, and spit.

RAILROAD MAXIMS.

Delays are dangerous.

A train in time saves nine.

There is no place like home—the difficulty is to get there.

Do not halloo till you are safe.

A railway train is the thief of time.

The great charm of a railroad accident, no matter how many are killed and mangled, no blame is attached to any body.

A railroad is long, life is short, but the longer the railway the shorter the life.

A correspondent tells of a little girl who, attending Sabbath-school for the first time, and being asked if she loved the Lord, replied: "Don't know, thir; I hain't got nothin' agin him."

UPON WHAT "LINE" HAVE THE GREATEST NUMBER OF ACCIDENTS HAPPENED?—On the C.R.I.N.O. line.

A young lady's first love kiss has the same effect on her as being electrified. It's a great shock, but soon over.

WHAT TO EXPECT AT AN HOTEL.—Inn-attention.

INSCRIPTION FOR STREET LETTER-BOXES—"From Pillar to Post."

QUITE THE WORST THING OUT.—Why is the Atlantic Cable like a railroad across a valley?—Because it's a *wire-ducked*.

DIFFICULT TO SUIT.

I do not like a man that's tall;
A man that's short is worse than all.
I much abhor a man that's fat;
A man that's lean is worse than that.
A young man is a constant pest;
An old one would my room infest.
Nor do I like a man that's fair;
A man that's black I can not bear.
A man of sense I could not rule;
And yet I would not wed a fool.
A sober man I will not take;
A drunken man my heart would break.
All these I most sincerely hate,
And yet I love the marriage state.

BUSINESS MAXIMS.

Never say "die"—unless you are a hairdresser and have an invention for doing away with gray hair.

Do not cry "stinking fish"—unless you happen to be a vendor of smelts.

A stitch in time saves nine sewing machines.

QUITE RIGHT.—It is exceedingly bad husbandry to harrow up the feelings of your wife.

RIBBING.—"Don't you mean to marry, my dear Sir?" "No, my dear widow, I'd rather lose all the ribs I've got than take another."

When was Ruth very rude to Boaz?—When she pulled his *ears* and trod on his *corn*.

KISS—A receipt given on "paying your addresses."

Why should marriage be spoken of as a tender tie, when it is so confounded tough that nothing but death can cut it?

Wanted—Some of the beer produced when "mischief is brewing."

The orator who "carried away his audience" is earnestly and humanely requested to bring it back, by persons who had friends present.

Boys are a good deal like Farina jelly—just as you mould them they are likely to turn out.

A GREAT CONTRADICTION—A *private* bar at a *public* house.

The vessel that no woman objects to embark in—A *court*-ship.

WANTED FOR CHEMICAL PURPOSES—A lady dissolved in tears.

TO THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE.

BY A MISERABLE WRETCH.

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through pathless realms of Space
Roll on!
What though I'm in a sorry case?
What though I can not meet my bills?
What though I suffer toothache's ills?
What though I swallow countless pills?
Never *you* mind!
Roll on!

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through seas of inky air
Roll on!
It's true I've got no shirts to wear;
It's true my butcher's bill is due;
It's true my prospects all look blue—
But don't let that unsettle you!
Never *you* mind!
Roll on! [*It rolls on.*

A SURE TEST OF MELTING WEATHER—The number of dips at the sea-side.

"I say, Pat, why don't you sue that railroad corporation for damages you have received: both of your legs broken all to smash; sue them for damages." "Sue them for damages, eh, boy? I have damage enough already, I'll sue them for repairs."

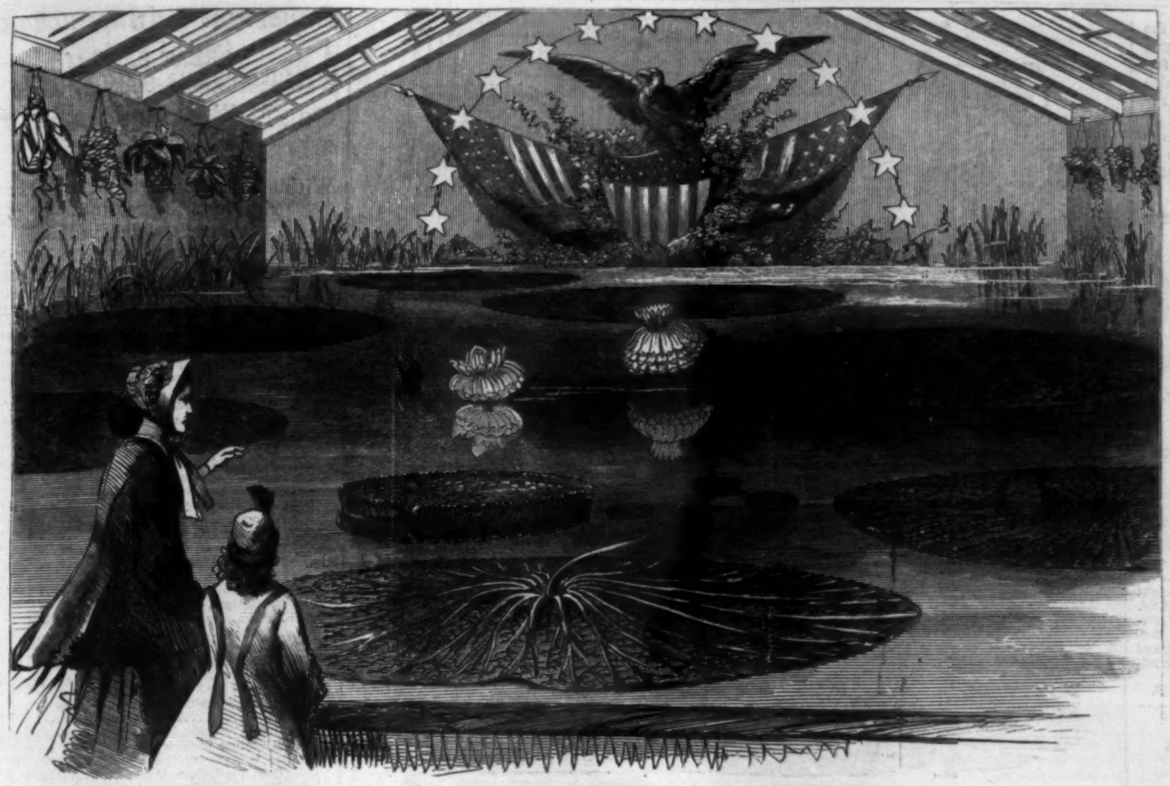
A STRONG STORY.—It is recorded that a soap peddler was recently caught at sea during a violent storm, when he saved his life by taking a cake of his soap and washing himself ashore. The soap, or the story, must have been made from strong *lie*.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.—The Bangor *Advertiser* tells a story of a Yankee who was refused a dinner at one of the taverns Down East until he had showed his "puter." Boniface then did his best, and at the ringing of the bell in walked the Yankee, and, taking a general survey of the table, turned to his host, and said: "Mister, you've seed my money, and I've seed your dinner—good-by!"

"You have a considerable floating population in this village, haven't you?" asked a stranger of one of the citizens of a village on the Mississippi. "Well, yes—rather," was the reply; "about half the year the water is up to the second story windows."

Two deacons were once disputing about the proposed site for a new grave-yard, when the first remarked: "I'll never be buried in that ground as long as I live." "What an obstinate man!" said the second, "if my life is spared, I will."

GREAT FIRE AT BELFAST, MAINE, October 17, 1865.—Sketched by William M. Hall.—[See Page 694.]



THE VICTORIA REGIA, ON EXHIBITION AT 807 BROADWAY.

THE VICTORIA REGIA.

WE give on this page an illustration of the Victoria Regia, which is on exhibition at REID'S Floral Establishment, 807 Broadway. Mr. E. BALKEY is the cultivator and proprietor of this magnificent plant.

The Victoria Regia is an annual plant, a native of South America, and is found on the Amazon and some other rivers of that region. It received its botanical name, Victoria Regia, in honor of the Queen of England. It was first introduced into Europe in 1826, by the German naturalist SCHOMBURG, who discovered it during his travels in South America. But not until 1850 did the gardeners of Europe succeed in raising a plant approaching in size and beauty the giant lily of the Amazon. On that year, after great expense and exertion, the late Sir JOSEPH PAXTON, architect of the London Crystal Palace, succeeded in raising a handsome specimen of the Victoria in bloom in the botanical garden of the Duke of Devonshire, and thousands flocked thither to behold one of the rarest wonders of the floral world. It is said that Sir JOSEPH PAXTON conceived his pattern for the construction of the Crystal Palace from the structure of this flower.

The leaves of the Victoria Regia are nearly circular, and when full grown from fifteen to eighteen feet in circumference, turned up two or four inches at the margin, green above, the back crimson and traversed by eight large veins and numberless veinlets, which form nearly square apertures, from one-third to two and a half inches deep. The reversed leaf is protected by innumerable sharp thorns, as also the stems, which attain a length of over fifteen feet. The leaves are floating flat on the water, and on its native rivers children use the same as a sort of canoe to cross rivers and streams on them. The young leaf, on reaching the surface of the water, resembles very much a hedgehog, being folded up so that only its back, with its sharp thorns, is visible. The vitality of the plant is such that about nine days after the rise of the young leaf to the surface it has attained its full size. When it makes its first appearance on the water it measures about one foot in diameter. The flower itself resembles, the first time of its opening, a gigantic white rose, diffusing its delicate perfume. Then the color changes to a dark pink. The flower attains a size from twelve to fifteen inches in diameter. It is expected one plant will produce from twenty-five to forty blossoms in succession.

THE JENNER MONUMENT AT BOULOGNE.

WE give on this page an engraving showing the monument erected on the 11th of September at Place des Bains in Boulogne, France, in honor of Dr. EDWARD A. JENNER, who first introduced vaccination as a means of preventing small-pox. It is somewhat curious that this monument, dedicated to the celebrated English physician, is first thought of by Frenchmen. It was at Boulogne that Dr. WOODVILLE and Dr. NOWELL, two of the disciples of JENNER, landed during the peace of Amiens, as soon as English visitors had permission to land, with the humane and friendly purpose of introducing his most useful invention to the medical practitioners of France. A sculptor of some repute, M. E. PAUL, furnished the design, and has superintended the casting without any pecuniary reward.

Dr. JENNER was born May 17, 1749, at Berkeley, in Gloucester, England. At the age of twenty-one he went to London, to study under the celebrated JOHN HUNTER. His progress in medical science procured for him an invitation to accompany Captain COOK in his first voyage around the world, but Dr. JENNER declined the offer. After staying two years with HUNTER he commenced practice at Berkeley. His discovery of some curious habits of the cuckoo procured his entrance to the Royal Society. It was Dr. JENNER who first proved satisfactorily, by experiment and theory, that vaccination was a safe and certain means of preventing small-pox. There is good evidence that vaccination existed among the Hindoos at a remote period. There are also proofs of its existence in other countries, independently of Dr. JENNER'S services. It is certain that in various parts of Devonshire, Somerset, Leicestershire, Staffordshire, and Middlesex there is a tradition that some persons, by handling cattle, contracted postules on their hands, and became in that way exempt from small-pox. It is thought that Dr. JENNER made use of some such tradition, and his careful attention to the subject caused to be adopted systematically by physicians what had been already by chance or by some vague instinct adopted by a few obscure people.

On the occasion of the erection of the monument an oration was delivered by Dr. GROS, a physician practicing at Boulogne, and eminent in his profession, who enlarged on the benefits derived by mankind from the investigations and ultimately the great discovery effected by Dr. JENNER, whose memory they had assembled to honor.

The statue stands on a marble pedestal about twelve feet high; the statue itself measures nearly ten feet in height. It is of iron, bronzed by galvanic aid, and cast by M. BROCHON, of Paris. The *pose* of the figure is easy, and it is clothed in the costume of 1810. The head is slightly inclined, as though absorbed in thought. In the right hand he holds a lancet. The left hand reposes on a pile of treatises placed on a pedestal, from which depends a sketch of a cow. The right foot is firmly placed over the word "Angleterre," while the left is advanced over the word "France." On the border of the ground-work is inscribed the name "Jenner," and on the pedestal is imprinted "A Edward Jenner, la France reconnaissante, 11th Septembre, 1865."

In the evening of September 11 a fête, with fireworks, was given in the Jardin des Tintelleries; and a grand *bal paré* at the Etablissement des Bains, which was most numerously and fashionably attended, closed the festivities.

STATUE OF DR. EDWARD JENNER, RECENTLY ERECTED AT BOULOGNE, FRANCE.

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HAVE YOU SEEN HER LATELY? (comic)	35c.
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Cough's

DR. STRICKLAND'S MELLIFLUOUS COUGH BALSAM is warranted to cure Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Whooping-Cough, Sore Throat, Consumption, and all affections of the Throat and Lungs.

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COOK. "Yes, faith, Mum, or they'd be afther liftin' the tops off your oven, Mum—this Yaste Powdher's so moity powerful."

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The most novel and useful invention of the age. Constructed on the most approved scientific principles, and warranted to denote solar time with greater accuracy than the most expensive gold or silver repeater, while the low price at which it is sold places it within the reach of every one. It is emphatically THE timepiece for the million. Neat, cheap, and warranted perfectly accurate; can never get out of order. No one should be without it. Price, with white enameled dial in gold or silver gilt, $1. Sent by mail postpaid to any part of the world. CAUTION—This invention is the sole property of the American Manufacturing Company, and all parties are cautioned against buying or offering for sale any IMITATION, under no matter what ALTERATION OF NAME. Address AMERICAN MANUFACTURING COMPANY, West Troy, N. Y.

GOLD PENS.—The best Pen for the least money is the Johnson Pen—warranted for one year—14 carats fine. Also, every variety of Pen-holders on hand. Pens re-pointed on receipt of 50 cts. Pens sent by mail. Send for Circular. E. S. JOHNSON, Manufactory and Office No. 15 Maiden Lane, New York.

$1,000,000 Worth OF Watches, Jewelry, and Silverware.

To be disposed of at ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive:

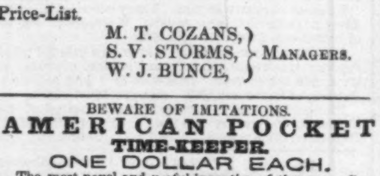
100 Gold Hunting-Case Watches	each $125 00
500 Silver Watches	each $20 00 to 35 00
10,000 Gold Pens and Silver Cases...	" 5 00 to 8 00

And a large assortment of Jewelry and Silverware of every description. The method of disposing of these goods at ONE DOLLAR each is as follows:

Certificates, naming each article and its value, are placed in sealed envelopes and well mixed. One of these envelopes will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of 25 cents; five for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5.

Agents wanted, to whom we offer special terms and premiums. Address. A. H. ROWEN & CO.,
36 Beekman Street. P. O. Box 4270, New York.

GREENBACKS ARE GOOD—ROBACKS ARE BETTER.



The best tonic and ague preventive in the world. 50,000 bottles sold monthly. Sold by dealers every where. Demas Barnes & Co., Wholesale Agents, New York. C. W. Roback, Proprietor, Cincinnati.

A GIFT FOR YOU

At the Philadelphia Gift Book

PUBLISHING HOUSE.
THE ELEVENTH YEAR OF THE ENTERPRISE.
NEW BOOKS AND NEW GIFTS.
A GIFT WITH EVERY BOOK.

A new classified catalogue of books just issued, of over 50 pages, of books in every department of literature, with full instructions for forming clubs, &c., &c.

The best place in the world to buy books is at the

"Evans Original Gift Book Sale."

Catalogues sent free on receipt of red stamp. Address
G. G. EVANS, 630 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Important Announcement.

GREAT SALE of
WATCHES, CHAINS, DIAMOND RINGS, &C.
One Million Dollars' Worth!
TO BE DISPOSED OF AT
ONE DOLLAR EACH!
Without regard to value!! Not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive!!!

SPLENDID LIST OF ARTICLES!
All to be sold at One Dollar Each!!

300	Musical Boxes, each	$20	to $150
150	" " with Bells and Castinets	200	" 500
500	Silver Teapots and Coffee Urns	20	" 50
500	" Chafing Dishes	30	" 100
1000	" Ice Pitchers	20	" 50
2500	" Syrup Cups with Salvers	20	" 50
5000	" Goblets and Drinking Cups	5	" 50
3000	" Castors	15	" 50
2000	" Fruit, Card and Cake Baskets	20	" 50
5000	Dozen Silver Tea Spoons, per dozen	10	" 20
10,000	" " Table Spoons and forks, per dozen	20	" 40
250	Gents' Gold Hunting-Case Watches	50	" 150
250	Ladies' Gold and Enameled Hunting-Case Watches	35	" 70
500	Gents' Hunting-Case Silver Watches	35	" 70
200	Diamond Rings	50	" 100
5,000	Gold Vest and Neck Chains	4	" 30
3,000	Gold Oval Band Bracelets	4	" 8
5,000	Jet and Gold Bracelets	6	" 10
2,000	Chatelaine Chains and Guard Chains	5	" 20
7,000	Solitaire and Gold Brooches	4	" 10
[illegible],000	Coral, Opal, and Emerald Brooches	4	" 8
5,000	Mosaic, Jet, Lava, and Florentine Ear Drops	4	" 8
7,500	Coral, Opal, and Emerald Ear Drops	4	" 6
4,000	California Diamond Breast-Pins	2 50	" 10
3,000	Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys	2 50	" 8
4,000	Fob and Vest Ribbon Slides	3	" 10
5,000	Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons, Studs, etc.	3	" 8
3,000	Gold Thimbles, Pencils, etc.	4	" 6
10,000	Miniature Lockets	2 50	" 10
4,000	" " Magic Spring	10	" 20
3,000	Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, etc.	2	" 8
5,000	Plain Gold Rings	4	" 10
5,000	Chased Gold Rings	4	" 11
10,000	Stone Set and Signet Rings	2 50	" 10
10,000	California Diamond Rings	2	" 10
7,500	Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Jet and Gold	5	" 15
6,000	Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Cameo, Pearl, Opal, and other stones	4	" 15
10,000	Gold Pens, Silver Extension-Holders and Pencils	4	" 10
10,000	Gold Pens and Gold-Mounted Holders	6	" 10
5,000	Gold Pens and Gold Extension-Holders	15	" 25
5,000	Ladies' Gilt and Jet Buckles	5	" 15
5,000	Ladies' Gilt and Jet Hair Bars and Balls	5	" 10

ARRANDALE & CO., Manufacturers' Agents, No. 167 Broadway, New York, announce that all of the above list of goods will be sold for One Dollar Each.

In consequence of the great stagnation of trade in the manufacturing districts of England, through the war having cut off the supply of cotton, a large quantity of valuable Jewelry, originally intended for the English market, has been sent off for sale in this country, and MUST BE SOLD AT ANY SACRIFICE!

Under these circumstances, ARRANDALE & CO., acting as Agents for the principal European Manufacturers, have resolved upon a *Great Gift Apportionment*, to be divided according to the following regulations:

Certificates of the various articles are put into envelopes indiscriminately, sealed up; and, when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus showing no favoritism. On receipt of the certificate you will see what you are to have, and then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any Set of Jewelry on our list for ONE DOLLAR.

Send 25 cents for Certificate.

In all transactions by mail we shall charge for forwarding the certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be enclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; one hundred for $15.

What the "Press" say of us.

GREAT GIFT DISTRIBUTION.—A rare opportunity is offered for obtaining watches, chains, diamond rings, silverware, etc., by Messrs. Arrandale & Co., at No. 167 Broadway. They have an immense stock of articles, varying in value, and all are offered at one dollar each. The distribution is very fairly done—you agree to take a certificate of a certain article, enclosed in an envelope, and are not required to pay your dollar unless you are satisfied with the article, which will certainly be worth more than that amount, and may be $50 or $100. An excellent mode this of investing a dollar.—*Sunday Times, N. Y. City, Feb.* 19, 1865.

Messrs. Arrandale & Co. have long been personally known to us, and we believe them to be every way worthy of public confidence.—*N. Y. Scottish American Journal, June* 11, 1864.

We have inspected at the office of Arrandale & Co.'s Agency for European Manufacturing Jewelers, a large assortment of fashionable and valuable jewelry of the newest patterns. We also noticed a large quantity of silver plate, and understand that the whole of these newly-imported articles are to be disposed of on a novel principle, giving great advantages to buyers, and affording extensive employment to agents. We know the firm in question to be very respectable and thoroughly worthy of public confidence, and recommend our friends to read their advertisement.—*N. Y. Albion, Sept.* 3, 1864.

By Messrs. Arrandale & Co.'s arrangement the advantages must be on the side of the customer, for he has every thing to gain, and nothing comparatively to lose. He knows what he will get for his dollar beforehand, and he need not send it if he is not satisfied.—*N. Y. Weekly News, Aug.* 6, 1864.

EMPLOYMENT FOR LADIES.—The most eligible and profitable employment we have heard of for ladies is the sale of certificates for the "Great Gift Distribution" of Arrandale & Co. A lady of our acquaintance has been very successful in this way, not only in filling her own purse, but also in doing a good turn to those to whom she sold the Certificates, as will be seen by our advertising columns. Gentlemen can also be thus engaged.—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury, August* 14, 1864.

In our columns the reader will find an advertisement of Arrandale & Co.'s Gift Distribution of watches, jewelry, and silverware. In payment of that advertisement we received several sets of the jewelry advertised, and we are warranted in saying that, both in finish and quality, they exceeded our expectations. They turned out to be just what they had been represented.—*True Democrat (Lewistown), August* 17, 1864.

The *British Whig of Kingston, C. W.*, say, Nov. 26, 1864, one of our lady subscribers became an agent for Arrandale & Co., and by request brought some twenty articles, sent as prizes for her agency, to this office for inspection, and without hesitation we can state that each and all of the articles were worth treble the amount of cost to the recipients, and some of them six times.

We have seen some very pretty specimens of Table and Tea Spoons, Gold Watches, Ladies' Chains, Pins, Bracelets, etc., which have been sent by Arrandale & Co. to this place for $1 each.—*Angelica Reporter, N. Y. State, Feb.* 15, 1865.

AGENTS.—We want agents in every regiment, and in every town and county in the country, and those acting as such will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to One Dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps.
ARRANDALE & CO.,
167 Broadway, New York.

J. H. Winslow & Co.

(ESTABLISHED 1860).

100,000 Watches, Chains, Silver Articles, &c.,

Worth $500,000!

TO BE SOLD AT ONE DOLLAR EACH, WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE,

AND NOT TO BE PAID FOR TILL YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TO GET.

SPLENDID LIST OF ARTICLES.

	EACH.
100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$115 00
100 Gold Watches	70 00
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	40 00
600 Ladies' and Gents' Silver Watches	18 00
1000 Revolving Castors	$15 00 to 18 00
3000 Drinking-Cups	7 00 to 10 00
5000 Oval and Chased Gold Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00
3000 Vest, Neck, and Guard Chains	5 00 to 10 00
3000 Ladies' California Diamond Rings	3 00 to 8 00
3000 Magic Spring and Snap Lockets	4 00 to 10 00
10000 Gold Pens, Silver-Mounted Holders	4 00 to 5 00
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases	4 00 to 6 00
8000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00
5000 Tea, Dessert, & Table Spoons, per doz.	12 00 to 24 00
5000 Dessert and Table Forks, per doz.	14 00 to 24 00
4000 Butter Knives, per pair	6 00 to 10 00
3000 Napkin Rings, per pair	6 00 to 10 00
31000 Other Articles	4 00 to 10 00

Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up and mixed; and, when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not. One of these envelopes will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents; 5 for $1; eleven for $2; 30 for $5; 65 for $10; and 100 for $15.

Agents wanted every where. Great inducements to ladies and gents to act as such. Fail not to send for circular, which gives special terms, full list, and particulars.

Address J. H. WINSLOW & CO., 208 Broadway, N. Y.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., Manufacturers of Photographic Materials,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

501 BROADWAY, N. Y.

In addition to our main business of PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS, we are headquarters for the following, viz.:

Stereoscopes and Stereoscopic Views.

Of these we have an immense assortment, including

VIEWS OF THE WAR,

Obtained at great expense and forming a complete PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE GREAT UNION CONTEST.

Bull Run,	Dutch Gap,
Yorktown,	Pontoon Trains.
Gettysburgh,	Hanover Junction.
Fair Oaks,	Lookout Mountain,
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Richmond,	Petersburgh,
Deep Bottom,	Bello Plain,
Monitors,	Chattanooga,
Fort Morgan,	Atlanta,
Charleston,	Mobile,
Florida,	Strawberry Plains,
	&c. &c.

American and Foreign Cities and Landscapes, Groups, Statuary, &c., &c. Also, Revolving Stereoscopes, for public or private exhibition. Our Catalogue will be sent to any address on receipt of Stamp.

Photographic Albums.

We were the first to introduce these into the United States and we manufacture immense quantities in great variety, ranging in price from 50 cents to $50. Our ALBUMS have the reputation of being superior in beauty and durability to any other.—They will be sent by mail, FREE, on receipt of price.

☞ FINE ALBUMS MADE TO ORDER. ☜

The Trade will find our Albums the most Saleable they can buy.

CARD PHOTOGRAPHS.

Our Catalogue now embraces over FIVE THOUSAND different subjects (to which additions are continually being made) of Eminent Americans, &c., viz: about

100 Maj.-Gens.	100 Lieut.-Cols	650 Statesmen,
100 Brig "	250 other Officers,	130 Divines,
275 Colonels,	75 Navy Officers,	125 Authors,
40 Artists	125 Stage,	50 Prominent Women.

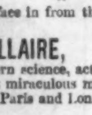
3,000 Copies of Works of Art,

Including reproductions of the most celebrated Engravings, Paintings, Statues, &c. Catalogues sent on receipt of Stamp. An order for One Dozen Pictures from our Catalogue, will be filled on receipt of $1.80, and sent by mail, FREE.

Photographers and others ordering goods C. O. D., will please remit twenty-five per cent. of the amount with their order.

☞ The prices and quality of our goods cannot fail to satisfy.

WHISKERS AND MUSTACHES



Forced to grow upon the smoothest face in from three to five weeks by using Dr. Sevigne's

RESTAURATEUR CAPILLAIRE,

The most wonderful discovery in modern science, acting upon the Beard and Hair in an almost miraculous manner. It has been used by the elite of Paris and London with the most flattering success.

Names of all purchasers will be registered, and if entire satisfaction is not given in every instance, the money will be cheerfully refunded. Price by mail, sealed and postpaid, $1 00. Descriptive circulars and testimonials mailed free. Address

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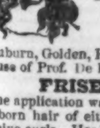
Post-Office Drawer 21, Troy, N. Y., Sole Agents for U. S.



BEAUTY!

Auburn, Golden, Flaxen, and Silken Curls produced by the use of Prof. De Breux's

FRISER LE CHEVEUX.

One application warranted to curl the most straight and stubborn hair of either sex into wavy ringlets or heavy massive curls. Has been used by the fashionables of Paris and London with the most gratifying results. Does no injury to the hair. Price by mail, sealed and postpaid, $1 00. Descriptive circulars mailed free. Address

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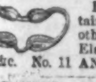
Post-Office Drawer 21, Troy, N. Y., Sole Agents for U. S.



DR. GLOVER'S LEVER TRUSS retains and cures more ruptures than any other. It gives perfect ease and comfort. Elastic stockings, belts, bandages, crutches, &c. No. 11 ANN STREET. Established 30 years.

WANTED—OLD CANVASSERS, DISABLED SOLDIERS, and others, seeking profitable employment, to canvass every city and county in the United States for the "the most remarkable works of art ever published." The publications of this Association meet with ready sale: larger inducements to agents are offered than by any other house in the country.

NO MONEY REQUIRED FOR COUNTY RIGHTS. An energetic party can clear $25 00 a day. Specify the county you want, and send stamp for confidential circular. Address

ART PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,
Box 2625, Philadelphia, Pa.
Office, 406 North 10th St.

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Wholesale and Retail.

DEGRAAF & TAYLOR,

87 and 89 Bowery, and 65 Christy St.,

Have the best assorted Stock of Parlor, Dining-Room, and Bed-Room Furniture, Spring Beds, and Bedding, in the Union.

Our Facilities for manufacturing at Low Prices defy Competition.

A SCIENTIFIC WONDER.

EUROPEAN POCKET TIMEKEEPER.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

PATENT APPLIED FOR, June 29, 1865.

An EXACT and RELIABLE Pocket TIMEKEEPER for Ladies and Gentlemen. A decidedly unique and wonderful Novelty. Correctly constructed on the most approved SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES, and warranted to DENOTE SOLAR TIME with absolute certainty and the utmost precision. More truthful than the most costly and elaborate timekeeper of modern manufacture. It never can be wrong. It requires NO KEY or winding up; NEVER RUNS DOWN, and can never be too fast or too slow. It is a most remarkable article. Just introduced into this country from Europe, where it is secured by ROYAL LETTERS PATENT. Price for a single one, with plain or fancy white dial, in gold or silver gilt case, only $1. Sent, postage paid, to any part of the country, on receipt of price. Safe delivery guaranteed. SPECIAL NOTICE. Our ORIGINAL article being the *only one* LEGALLY PROTECTED from infringement, *all persons* are cautioned from buying or offering for sale any IMITATION, under no matter what ALTERATION OF NAME, or they will be liable to FINE and IMPRISONMENT. Beware of IMPOSTORS, who imitate this advertisement with a view to swindling the public, by offering a *useless article* (with a slight alteration of name) ENTIRELY UNLIKE our *genuine* Timekeeper. All orders must be addressed to J. W. DELAMERE & CO., SOLE PROPRIETORS, 204–206 Broadway, N.Y.

$6 ELEGANT WATCH. $8

Fine imported watches for the *retail trade* at greatly reduced prices. A BEAUTIFUL *silver double-case watch*, small size, EXCELLENT TIMEKEEPER, with GOLD LOCKET, handsome vest CHAIN, KEY, &c., to each. Per case of half dozen, $30. A sample one free by mail for $6.

AN ELEGANT *gold-plated engraved double-case watch*. Fine timekeeper. Gold locket, vest chain, key, &c., to each. Per case of half dozen, $42. Sample one, $8.

FINE DOUBLE HUNTING-CASE GOLD-PLATED WATCHES. Fancy styles. Magic cases. Fine ruby jeweled movements, regulated and warranted. Per case of half dozen, $60. Sample, $12.

SILVER COMPOSITE HUNTING-CASE WATCHES, MAGIC CASES. Beautifully engraved or plain. Jeweled, &c. Per case of half dozen, $60. Sample, $12.

COIN SILVER HUNTING LEPINES, fancy or plain cases, warranted. Per case of half dozen, $72. Sample, $15.

FINE SILVER ENGLISH HUNTING-LEVERS. Superior, jeweled, &c. Per case of half dozen, $90. Samples, $20.

ENGLISH DUPLEX WATCHES. Fancy movements. Extra silver hunting-case, large jewels. Warranted. Per case of half dozen, $104. Sample, $25.

THE CELEBRATED IMPERIAL WATCH, a wonderful article, superior timekeeper, with THERMOMETER, COMPASS, and CALENDER attachment. *Imitation of a $200 gold watch.* Per case of half dozen, $90. Sample, $20.

Fine gold and silver watches of every description. Catalogues for the trade mailed free. CATELY BROTHERS, Importers, 102 Nassau St., New York. (Established 1855.)

WOMEN'S BEST FRIEND.—Hudson's Universal Clothes Washer and Rinser. Pronounced by all practical persons a most useful and great labor-saving machine. Within the reach of every family.

Price $2 50 each. On receipt of price one will be sent to any address by C. H. HUDSON & Co., 48 Fulton Street, N. Y.

The Improved Elliptic Lock-Stitch Sewing and Braiding Machines.

These CELEBRATED MACHINES we can recommend to the public, combining as they do all the IMPROVEMENTS which EXPERIENCE has proved to be requisite in the perfection of Sewing Machines. We invite all interested to call and examine THE ELLIPTIC before purchasing. Salesrooms, 537 Broadway, New York.

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THOSE who suffer from liver complaints may rely upon the RED JACKET BITTERS, because they derive from its anti-bilious properties immediate and certain relief when all the usually prescribed remedies have proved useless.

DON'T BE FOOLISH.

You can make Six Dollars from Fifty Cents. Call and examine an invention urgently needed by every body. Or a sample sent free by mail for 50c. that retails easily for $6, by R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, New York.

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Use PERRY'S Moth & Freckle Lotion, which is prompt, infallible & harmless. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York, Sold by all Druggists. Price $2 a bottle. Send for Circular

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$25 A DAY. AGENTS WANTED to sell a new and wonderful SEWING MACHINE, the *only* cheap one licensed. Address

SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

$90 A MONTH. AGENTS WANTED for *six entirely new articles*, just out. Address

O. T. GAREY, City Building, Biddeford, Maine.

Look, Look, Look! My Golden Compound will force the beard to grow on the smoothest face in 21 days. Satisfaction given or money refunded. Price 50 cents, or 3 for $1. Address DR. FRANKLIN, Calhoun, Ill.

GOLDEN HAIR CURLER,

That will curl the most stubborn hair into wavy ringlets, and will last 6 months. Price $1 by mail.

Address DR. FRANKLIN, Calhoun, Ill.

$200 A MONTH GUARANTEED

To a limited number of enterprising men, to engage in a business of indispensable utility to every body. Address VAN ALLEN, 134 Washington Street, New York.

FIRST PREMIUM IMPROVED

$5 SEWING MACHINE. $5

The Embodiment of Practical Utility and Extreme Simplicity.

Originally patented May 13, 1862; Improvement patented June 9, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with CRIMPING attachment, a most wonderful and elegantly-constructed novelty, is NOISELESS in operation, uses the STRAIGHT NEEDLE, and *works horizontal*, sews with DOUBLE OR SINGLE THREAD of ALL KINDS. Makes the RUNNING-STITCH more perfect and regular than by hand, and with extraordinary rapidity, making SIXTEEN STITCHES to each evolution of the Wheel. Will GATHER, HEM, RUFFLE, SHIRR, TUCK, RUN UP BREADTHS, &c., &c.; requires no change of stitch; IS NOT LIABLE TO GET OUT OF ORDER, being the strongest machine made, and will last a LIFETIME. It is *no infringement on any other patent.* It has taken the PREMIUM at STATE FAIRS, and received the approval of all the principal journals and of those who have USED them.

"For the dressmaker it is invaluable; for the household it supplies a vacant place."—*Godey's Ladies' Book.*

"It uses a common needle, sews very rapidly, and is so easily understood that a child can use it."—*Independent.*

"With single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly, with a common needle, makes the running stitch exactly like hand-sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box, with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted every where. Circular, containing liberal inducements, sent free.

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In those cases of scanty, retarded growth (the person over 18), the Balsam of the Tennessee Swamp Shrub has been found to excite the Beard, Mustache, &c., to a fine and vigorous growth. (See Testimonials.) The History and a small Sample of this Balsam sent sealed on receipt of return postage.

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CHEAPEST AND BEST. Price of Presses, $10, $16, $23, and $30. Price of an Office, with Press, $15, $28, $40, $48, and $71. Send for a circular to the LOWE PRESS COMPANY, 23 Water Street, Boston.

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TERMS: $2 50 a year; 3 copies for $6; 5 copies, and 1 to getter-up of club, $10. Single Numbers for sale by News Agents throughout the United States. Two volumes a year, beginning in January and July. Address

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BRIGHAM YOUNG, COBDEN, BRIGHT, Sherman, Johnson, Lincoln, Julius Cæsar, Grant, Vanderbilt, the Mother of Wesley—with Portraits; Stammering, Causes and Cure; The Red Man and the Black Man; Heads of Clergy and Heads of Boxers; Fate of the Apostles; Head of St. Paul; Character in the Walk and Eyes—in the new ANNUAL OF PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOGNOMY for 1866, now ready. 12 cents. Address

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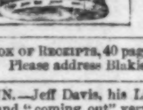
FLORENCE SEWING MACHINES.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

They have the Reversible Feed Motion.
They have a perfect self-adjusting Shuttle Tension.
They make four separate and distinct stitches on one and the same machine.
They have many advantages over all others.

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,
505 Broadway, New York.

Hawkes Improved Fountain Pen. One filling writes 8 to 12 hours. Also other styles of pens. Sent by mail. Send stamp for circular. G. F. HAWKES, Patentee and Sole Manufacturer, 64 Nassau St., New York.



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Make the Best, and sell Cheaper than any others.
Send for Price-List, &c.
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BOOK OF RECEIPTS, 40 pages, with new catalogue, mailed free. Please address Blakie & Co., 713 Broadway, N. Y.

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"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

This work explains modern mysteries, and furnishes a key to that which is beyond the reach of sense, even into the realms of spirits. Prepaid, by mail, $4. FOWLER & WELLS, No. 389 Broadway, New York.

Window Shades, Curtains,

AND CURTAIN MATERIALS OF ALL KINDS, at

KELTY'S, 359 Broadway.

The Days of Brass Jewelry are over.

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JEWELERS' ASSOCIATION,

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Great One-Price Gold Sale.

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